In this Number: **Our Merchant Marine.** *By* Clement A. Griscom

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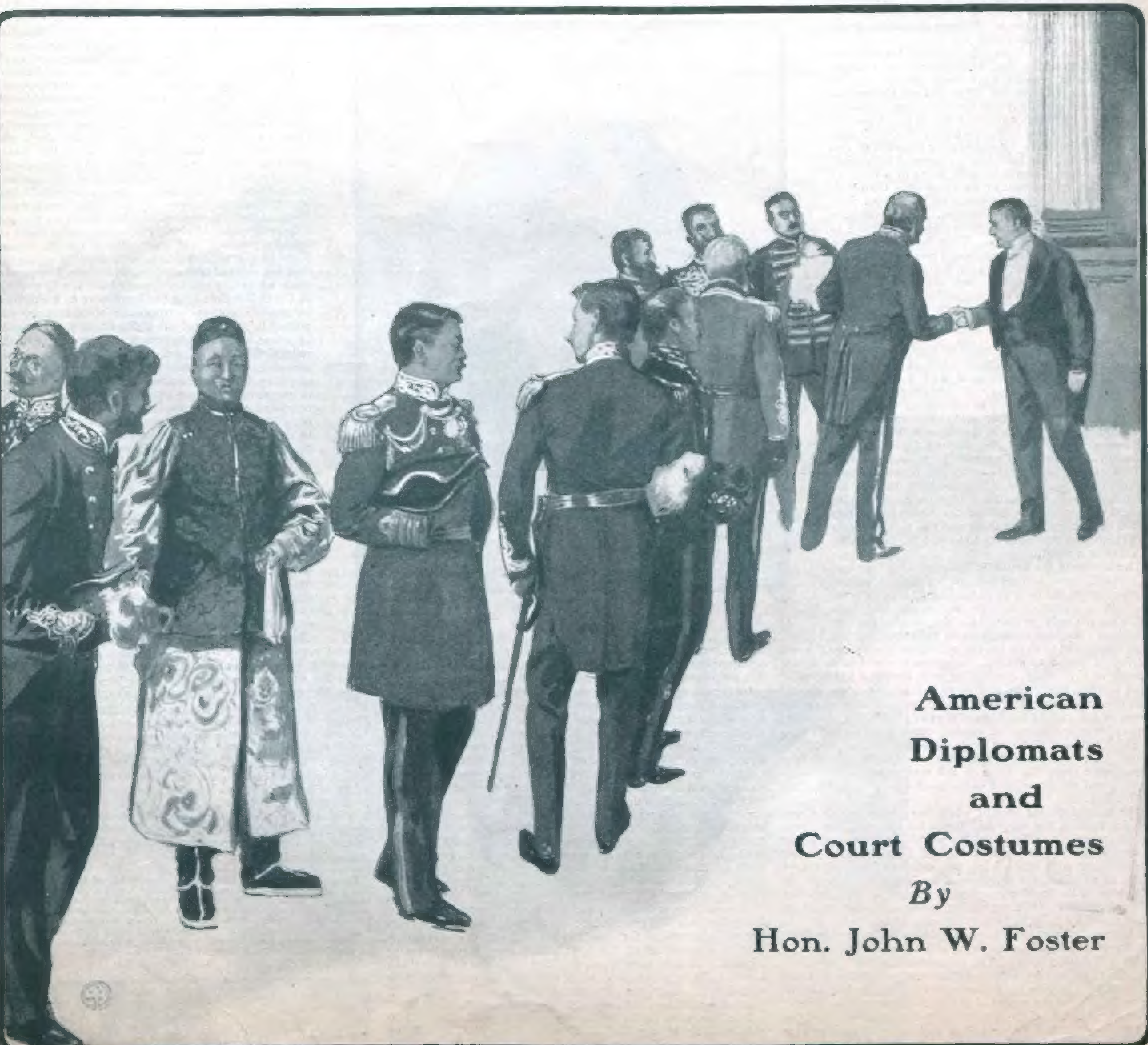


American Diplomats and Court Costumes

By
Hon. John W. Foster

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Questions Before the Country—The Merchant Marine

President of the International Navigation Company and President — **By Clement A. Griscom** — of the American Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

TWO important questions are before the country. First: What should the Government do to upbuild its merchant marine and foreign trade? Second: Why should it do it? The answer to the first question, in my judgment, is simple. A bill introduced by Senator Frye, of Maine, and Representative Payne has been reported favorably to both branches of Congress, and at this writing awaits action. The bill follows the lines recommended in several successive reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, and has been indorsed, in general form, by the President of the United States and in the last Republican National platform. The bill was first drafted nearly three years ago by a body of representative American shipbuilders, shipowners, legislators, admiralty lawyers, merchants and manufacturers, aided by the advice of the ablest counsel in questions of Constitutional and international law whom the committee could secure, Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Philadelphia. The committee, made up at the request of Senator Frye, was drawn from all sections of the country, and from both of the two great political parties. One of its most earnest advocates before Congress was the late Hon. Arthur Sewall, of Bath, Maine. In the preparation of the bill these gentlemen have had the assistance of expert knowledge in all branches of the shipping industry. They have studied carefully the shipping systems employed by other nations, and have at all times invited the freest discussion and utmost publicity.

The bill has been before the country for over two years. Suggestions for amendment or change, based on valid reasons, have been invited and in some instances accepted. The Senate Committee on Commerce and the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries have held hearings on the bill so long as there was any one who cared to be heard. These hearings have extended over a period of two years. The bill has been freely discussed in the public press; often, I regret to state, more in a spirit of vituperation on the part of its opponents than with any desire apparently to promote an intelligent public understanding of its provisions. Its friends have at no time manifested or entertained any desire to press it with undue haste. They have felt that a measure of this importance should receive the fullest consideration in Congress and before the public. They do believe now, however, that the time has come for action on this subject, and they have reason to hope for a decisive and favorable vote in both branches of Congress at the present session.

Why the Government Should Aid

The American merchant marine in foreign trade is entitled to Government aid as a broad matter of public policy, not merely as embracing the private industries of shipbuilding and shipowning. The merchant marine stands in the same relationship to the common defense of the country, for which the Constitution instructs Congress to provide, as the militia of the States stands to the regular army. National navigation is a necessity to the public defense. There are millions of strong and easily trained arms ready to defend the country on land; on the sea we must have ships and the men to navigate them, and these are not to be had for the asking in a day or a month.

The fathers of the Republic believed that they had in the merchant marine left to us ample means to supplement the navy in defending the country at sea. As a matter of fact, for our recent war with Spain we not only pressed into the service the few American merchant steamships in existence, but we were compelled to draw on the maritime resources of a not unfriendly power to aid us. Suppose the war with Spain, instead of brilliantly concluding with decisive triumphs in three months, had been prolonged for a year. We should have been absolutely without the means for transporting our troops or for coaling the fleets of the navy. During the actual stress of war, no nation, of course, could have actually sold us ships without violating both the letter and spirit of neutrality. Yet our entire transport fleet, bought by the War Department since the close of the war, consists of foreign vessels, and all the colliers of the navy were bought from the British flag.

The United States should adopt the policy which Great Britain, France, Germany and Japan have adopted, of carrying ocean mails to all parts of the world in steamships under its own flag. If I am to be criticised for writing in behalf of an interest with which I am particularly identified, then I claim, as an offset, the privilege of having my statements on this phase of the matter accepted as those of one who speaks with information. We are asking in the matter of American ocean mails for substantially the system which Great Britain has followed almost since the beginning of steam navigation, and for which, during sixty years, she has spent in the neighborhood of $240,000,000. The statement frequently put forth that Great Britain pays for her ocean mails nothing but the bare cost of carrying them is absolutely without foundation. I have before me the report of the British Postmaster-General for 1897. At pages sixty-two and sixty-three that report states that the payments for the foreign and colonial mail service amount to £770,943. The estimated receipts for sea postage amount to only £115,068. The estimated British loss on the sea service amounted to £439,000. The balance was made up by contributions from the Colonies ranging from the sum of £25, subscribed by the little island of Tortola, up to £75,000, subscribed by the Australian Federation. These, then, are the broad facts of the British mail service; expenses £770,943, receipts £115,068. The balance represents generally the sacrifice Great Britain and the Colonies feel justified in making to secure the carriage of ocean mails by the largest and fastest British steamships.

The Profit on American Ocean Mails

Turn now to the method at present in use by the United States. I find in the report of the Superintendent of Foreign Mails for 1900, at page eleven, the statement that the cost of the ocean mails of the United States, carried to a very large extent by foreign vessels, was $2,014,538, while the receipts were $3,467,139, so that our Government makes an annual profit of $1,452,601. As an offset to this profit on the books of the Treasury we have the facts that American steamships are almost unknown to the ports of the Old World, while British ocean mail steamship lines, maintained at the Government's loss of over $3,000,000 a year, are found in every port. Under the unequal conditions indicated by these bald facts, why should not British mail steamship companies thrive, and how can we look for the creation of new American steamship lines?

MR. CLEMENT A. GRISCOM

The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will readily appreciate the peril we run in having our export trade dependent upon the peaceful relations of the British and German nations with the rest of Europe; for they are the two great carrying nations of the sea. A paltry nine per cent. of our vast exports for the past three years has been carried in American vessels. It requires no imagination to picture the distress that would prevail in this country if the export trade of farm products and manufactured goods were suddenly stopped because either of the carriers to our customers had become a belligerent nation. A short railroad strike in a big city, a few years ago, disturbed transportation between East and West. A war between the great Powers of Europe would throw back upon our home market the greater part of American exports.

The only great industries in which our country has not of late years attained prominence are the building and navigating of steamships for the foreign trade. Our merchant marine engaged in the foreign trade is comparatively insignificant. At the same time, this fact confronts us that there has not, in a generation, been so great an opportunity to establish an American merchant marine as that afforded by present conditions, not only at home, but abroad.

The war with Spain indirectly gave a great stimulus to shipbuilding in the United States. The War and Navy Departments, it will be recalled, bought a considerable number of American steamships engaged in the coastwise trade, and the owners have been replacing them by new, larger and faster ships. To Great Britain, which in 1899 built almost double the amount of tonnage that the United States has built in the past ten years, the building of 55,000 tons of steel steamships would be of small importance, but to the shipyards of the seaboard of the United States this means a very large increase of business. Further, the application of the coasting laws to Hawaii and Porto Rico has called for the building of a large tonnage of steamships—our laws confining our coasting trade to American-built vessels.

An Opportune Time for Expansion

Besides these facts, every American shipowner knows that, in part at least, the activity of shipbuilding at the present time is due to the belief that legislation will be enacted at an early date to promote the American merchant marine. This belief is based on the knowledge that the present is a most opportune time for such legislation, because, owing to temporary influences, the price of shipbuilding in Great Britain is about forty per cent. higher than four or five years ago. In 1897 the engineers' strike in Great Britain greatly disturbed the shipbuilding industry, delayed the fulfillment of contracts, and raised prices. This was followed by the strike of the Welsh coal miners, and then came the South African troubles and the Chinese difficulties, which have all put up the prices of British ships.

These causes, of course, are temporary, just as the causes which have increased our own shipbuilding in the last year are also, in part at least, temporary. For my own part, in view of the perfectly well-established differences in the cost of building steamships here and in Great Britain, and in operating them under the American and foreign flags after they have been built, and in view of the liberal policy which foreign nations have pursued toward their shipping and our own neglect of our commercial marine, I do not see how the promise held forth by existing conditions can be made good unless Congress is willing to pass a bill based on the subsidy principle. If Congress shall pass a law I am equally positive that shipbuilding for the foreign trade in the United States will develop so rapidly that we shall attain all the advantages inseparable from wholesale construction, which are at the base of Great Britain's long predominance as a maritime nation. From such wholesale shipbuilding, conducted in all parts of the United States, a reduction in prices would surely ensue, and the benefit of this reduction would go not only to all the commercial, industrial and agricultural interests involved in shipping, but would accrue to the Government itself in the form of lower prices for war vessels. It is conceded that our very large expenditures for the navy have been one of the most powerful agencies in establishing such shipyards as we now have on the seaboard. Without this naval construction and without the coasting law the building of large vessels in this country would never have attained the proportions already reached.

The object of the shipping bill, in a word, is to complete the industrial independence of the United States. You will not expect me to consider the relative shares which natural progress and legislation have had in the development of all the great industries of the United States within the past four years. At the same time, no well-informed man has the slightest doubt that the Administration and legislation have been powerful causes in producing that prosperity and bringing about the high state of development of our industries. That question was passed upon at the recent election and was answered in a manner to leave no doubt whatever of the belief of the people upon the subject. American shipping has, however, had no favorable consideration at the hands of Congress for many years. We have been so busy with our internal development that possibly the time had not heretofore come when our maritime development called for legislative consideration. That time, however, is now here. The growth of the United States, to a great extent, must be in the line of the export trade, and the need of American ships for the next twenty years will be as great as was the need of American railroads from 1860 to 1880.

The American people usually do the right thing at the right time. The more thoroughly the bill which is pending in Congress is understood, the stronger will be the popular sentiment in its favor.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of short articles on the great questions before the National Legislature. This series is planned to explain, in a popular way, the aim, the scope and the probable effect of these measures. Each question will be discussed from both sides, and the articles will be written by leading men in business and official life. An article in an early issue will be a discussion of Army Reorganization, by Hon. John A. T. Hull, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

American Diplomats and Court Costumes

By Honorable John W. Foster

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, COUNT CASSINI

THE general public usually thinks of diplomacy as having to deal with great questions involving the fate of independent states and empires, and with the settlement of intricate points of international law affecting the peace and well-being of mankind. It will be some consolation to the women readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, who have often to bear the taunts of the other sex for their devotion to dress, to know that a large part of diplomacy is given up to a consideration of the kind of clothes which the members of the corps should wear, the style of buckles on their shoes, whether or not knee-breeches are to be worn, how much embroidery should appear on the coat, what lace should be displayed on the breast, the legend or ornament on the buttons, the shape of the hat and the feather supported by it, the size, color and design of the sword which is worn. And it will be a surprise to many readers to learn that the question of diplomatic dress has not alone agitated the corps in monarchical Courts, but that it has been an even greater source of discussion and distress on the part of American diplomats abroad.

It seems that in the early history of the United States our forefathers were too busy laying the foundations of government and building up a nation to give any attention to the question of how its representatives at foreign Courts should clothe themselves, and for many years each Minister was left free to exercise his pleasure and taste in that respect. In previous articles I have given Benjamin Franklin the place of our greatest American diplomat. It is curious to note that the man who displayed greater skill than any of his compatriots in negotiating treaties and winning the favor of sovereigns, is likewise more famous in foreign lands for his dress than any of his countrymen. The plain Quaker costume which he usually wore was so exceptional in official circles in Paris that it could not fail to attract attention. A French writer of the period thus refers to him: "Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women."

Franklin's Court Suit of Velvet

Previous to his coming to France, Franklin, as the representative of several of the Colonies, had spent many years in England, where he became very popular. But as the rebellion began to ripen in America, and his devotion to the cause became known, he had to pass through trying times. He was arraigned before the British Privy Council on some charge, and on the occasion he appeared in a new "full-dress suit of spotted Manchester velvet." He underwent the severe abuse of the Attorney-General of England and a strong vote of censure by the Privy Council. The opposition to the Colonies and hostility to Franklin following this event were so great that he could no longer remain. So he carefully folded up and laid away the "spotted Manchester velvet suit," and left the country. The discontent in the Colonies became a revolution; Franklin was sent to Europe to seek allies; he induced France to make a treaty of alliance with the rebellious Colonies; and on the ceremony of signing the treaty he donned the "spotted Manchester velvet suit" as a reminder of his well-earned revenge on the British Privy Council and Government.

No man held in greater contempt than did the puritanic John Adams the matter of Court dress, but when he arrived in Paris to take part in the peace negotiations of 1782 it is related that he first visited the tailor and wig maker, and delayed his call on his colleague, Doctor Franklin, till their orders were executed. After going through the ceremony of presentation of himself and family at Court in London, where he complains of having to spend a considerable sum "in new clothes and very rich ones," his official comment on these presentations is as follows: "It is thus the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country of Europe."

The first notice taken by our Government of the matter of a Court costume was in 1814, as our indecisive war with Great Britain was drawing to a close. It was thought desirable that our commissioners, sent to negotiate for peace, should make a good impression personally, and an official uniform was adopted for them. The "Mill Boy of the Slashes," Henry Clay, and his four colleagues, appeared at the peace conference at Ghent in a costume which is described as follows: a blue coat lined with silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold; single-breasted, straight or round buttonholes slightly embroidered; buttons with artillerists' eagle stamped upon them—that is, an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons; cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cassimere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings; gold or silver shoe-buckles; a three-cornered chapeau bras, not so large as those used by the French, or so small as those of the English; a black cockade with an eagle attached; sword, etc., corresponding. By a circular issued by the Department of State in 1817 this uniform was adopted for diplomatic Ministers. The Secretaries of Legation were to wear the same costume, with the exception that their coats were to have less embroidery than those of the Ministers. The circular states that it was usual at all European Courts on what are called "gala days," such as birthdays of the sovereign, marriages of princes of his family, and other extraordinary occasions, for the foreign Ministers, as well as the persons of distinction connected with the Court, to appear in uniforms more splendid with embroidery than upon occasions of ordinary levees, drawing-rooms and diplomatic circles. A decent respect for the usages of the Courts, and a suitable compliance with forms there established, make it proper that the Minister of the United States should adopt this costume, and wear, on these occasions, a coat similar to that above described, but embroidered around the skirts and down the breast as well as at the cuffs and cape, all of the other parts of the dress remaining the same. The coats were distinguished as the *great* and *small* uniforms. In addition to these changes there was to be in the *great* uniform a white ostrich feather, or *plumet*, in the Minister's hat, not standing erect, but sewed around the brim. But the *great* uniform was to be worn only by the Ministers; the Secretary and all other persons attached to the Legation being required to have only one.

Jackson's Desire for Simplicity

In 1823 the Department of State, in order to secure uniformity, prepared an engraved design of the costume to be worn by the Ministers of the United States at foreign Courts on occasions when full dress was required. The instructions which accompanied this engraved design say: "In the monarchical Governments of Europe, a Minister of the United States is compelled to conform to the established usage of appearing in the presence of the sovereign in a Court dress. He cannot, indeed, deliver his credential letter without it, and this uniform was adopted for the convenience of using the same dress upon all necessary occasions, and at every Court." At the commencement of the Administration of President Jackson a further circular was issued to the diplomatic body of the United States. It does not appear whether this was occasioned by some remissness in the observance of the previous instructions, or from the democratic spirit of simplicity of "Old Hickory;" at any rate, the uniform prescribed was much less showy than that fixed by the circular of 1817. The new circular states that "the President has thought proper to adopt the following as the dress to be used by the diplomatic agents of the United States upon all such occasions [when a Court dress is required], being recommended as well by its comparative cheapness as by its adaptation to the simplicity of our institutions—namely, a black coat, with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; the under clothes to be black or white, at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau bras, with a white cockade and a gold eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with white scabbard." It is understood, however, that the use of this particular dress was not prescribed by the President. It is "barely suggested by his direction, as an appropriate and convenient uniform dress for the use of the diplomatic agents of the United States residing near foreign Governments."

An Order to Avoid All Ostentation

No further action appears to have been taken in regard to the costume till the Administration of Mr. Pierce, whose Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, prided himself on his attachment to republican simplicity. In 1853 he issued a circular which became notable in our diplomatic annals. It withdrew all previous instructions prescribing a diplomatic uniform, and stated that our Government would encourage, as far as practicable, the appearance of its representatives at foreign Courts "in the simple dress of an American citizen." It expressed regret that there ever was any departure from the example of Doctor Franklin. "History," it said, "has recorded and commended this example, so congenial to the spirit of our political institutions. The Department is desirous of removing all obstacles to a return to the simple and unostentatious course which was deemed so proper, and was so much approved in the earliest days of the Republic." Each representative was left to regulate the matter of dress according to his own sense of propriety, and with a due respect to the views of his Government as set forth in the circular.

When the latter reached the Legations in Europe and was made public it created a great flutter of excitement in Court circles, and for a long time was a topic of social gossip and newspaper comment, the general current of which was in ridicule of the United States. It was likewise made the subject of an inquiry by Congress, and full details of the manner of its reception in Europe were communicated to that body by the Secretary of State.

Surprising the Queen of England

In no Court was more serious objection made to it than in London. Mr. Buchanan, who afterward became President, had just arrived at his post as our Minister to Great Britain, and his first duty was to secure an audience of the Queen. When he met the Master of Ceremonies he found that this official was quite exercised about Secretary Marcy's dress circular, and manifested much opposition to Mr. Buchanan's appearance at Court "in the simple dress of an American citizen." The latter had a great desire to carry out the views of the Secretary of State, who was his personal and much-esteemed friend, but he was greatly perplexed how to accomplish it. It was suggested to him that he might overcome the difficulty by adopting the civil dress worn by General Washington, but when he examined Stuart's portrait of him he decided that "fashions had so changed since the days of Washington that if I were to put on his dress, and appear in it before the Chief Magistrate of my own country, at one of his receptions, I should render myself a subject of ridicule for life. Besides, it would be presumption in me to affect the style of dress of the Father of his Country." Finally, after much deliberation and consultation with persons of large experience in Court etiquette, he solved the momentous problem by buckling on to his evening dress suit "a very plain black-handled and black-hilted dress sword," and thus accoutred he made his début before Her Majesty. He reports: "As I approached the Queen, an arch but benevolent smile lit up her countenance, as much as to say: 'You are the first man who ever appeared before me at Court in such a dress.' I confess that I never felt more proud of being an American than when I stood before that brilliant circle 'in the simple dress of an American citizen.'"

THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR

THE KOREAN MINISTER

THE TURKISH MINISTER

A Minister Who Looked Like a Fireman

In the different capitals of Europe the American Ministers had a varied experience. At some of the Courts no objection was made to the dress prescribed by the circular, but in others the Ministers were given to understand that their presence would not be acceptable unless in some distinctive uniform. The Marcy circular thus failed to secure uniformity of dress on the part of our diplomats, but it was generally approved by the people of the United States. As an evidence of this, a law of Congress has been on the statute book for more than thirty years prohibiting officials in the diplomatic service from wearing any uniform or official costume not authorized by Congress, but permitting ex-officers of the Army of the United States to appear in the uniform of their rank. Some Ministers have made themselves ridiculous by securing an appointment in the State militia, and making use of that uniform. A story is told of one of our representatives at a European Court who appeared at the palace in the garb of a captain of a cavalry troop, a post he had filled at home, which led the monarchical diplomats, attracted by his metal helmet, quizzically to ask if he belonged to a fire company in America! The instructions of the Department of State now in force construe the law to allow of such a departure from a simple dress as will secure our diplomats welcome admittance at Court ceremonies.

For instance, the members of the United States Embassy in London appear on state occasions in knee-breeches, with metal buckles on their shoes, and in other respects in ordinary evening dress.

About the time the Marcy circular was creating the stir in Court circles, Stephen A. Douglas, the distinguished Senator from Illinois, was making a visit in Europe. At St. Petersburg an audience of the Czar had been arranged for him, and when informed by Count Nesselrode that he must appear in Court costume, Senator Douglas demurred and said he would give up the audience if that were a requirement of it. Count Nesselrode, who had faced other equally as important questions, such as the adjustment of Europe after the Napoleonic wars and the Congress of Paris of 1856, asked the Senator in what dress he appeared before the President of the United States. Mr. Douglas answered, in the dress he then wore. The Count, after consulting the Emperor, said that was sufficient, and in his plain dress he visited the Emperor at the palace and on parade.

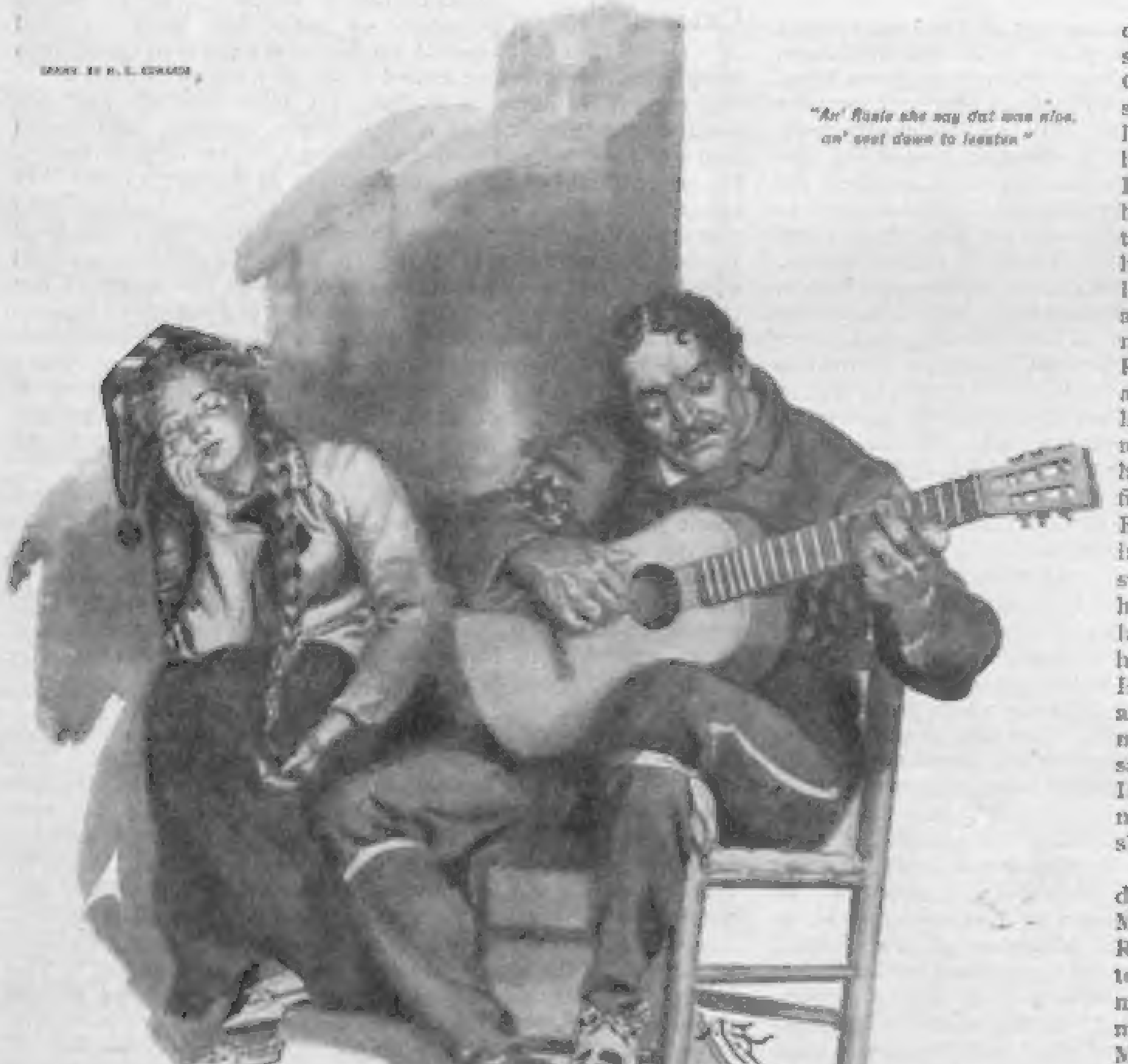
An Amusing Experience of Mr. Lowell

Some interesting experiences of American Ministers are told in connection with presentation at Court and the diplomatic uniform. One of these I give, as I received it from James Russell Lowell himself, who served as Minister at Madrid and afterward at London. I premise by saying that at some of the Courts of Europe it is the practice on special occasions, as at presentation of credentials, and at Christmas or Easter, to give fees to certain of the Court servants. Mr. Lowell arrayed himself "in the simple dress of an American citizen," a full-dress suit, and went to the palace at Madrid one afternoon to attend a state reception of King Alfonso XII. As he alighted from his carriage he saw preceding him a Minister from one of the smallest of the Spanish-American republics, a country the poverty of whose treasury is such that it cannot sustain a paid diplomatic representation at all the capitals of Europe, and which, at Madrid, utilized the services of a reputable resident Spanish merchant, who discharged gratuitously the light duties of the post for the social distinction it conferred. The grand stairway of the Castilian palace is the pride of the nation, rivaling all similar structures in Europe. On each side of either marble step was stationed one of the Royal Guard in brilliant uniform, and on every one of the many landing-places stood a stalwart halberdier holding a ponderous mediæval battle-ax.

As the Spanish-American Minister, gorgeously arrayed in a richly embroidered diplomatic Court uniform, ascended the stairway, at each landing he was received by a salute from the halberdier, and as his battle-ax came down on the marble pavement with a whack it sent an echo resounding through the halls. Mr. Lowell followed after at a little distance, but as he climbed the stairs no salute or recognition came from the Royal Guards. For aught they knew he was one of the upper servants of the palace, for he wore their garb. As he passed each landing his patriotic indignation arose higher and higher, and finally, near the end of his journey, he turned upon one of the mighty halberdiers and accosted him (he spoke Spanish fluently) with, "Do you know who I am?" The doughty warrior had to confess he did not. "Well," shouted out Mr. Lowell, "I am the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, the greatest country on the globe, and if hereafter you do not whack for me, I will forget you at Christmas!"

The Courtship of Mamzelle Rosie.

By Arthur Stringer


"An' Rosie she say dat was nice, an' seet down to leesten."

DAT is ver' fonny!" said Napoleon Choquette in wonder, kicking the frozen bear with his mocassined foot. "Dat is ver' fonny! By gare, dat leetel bear, m'sieu, heem freeze steef, lak de hol' ch'loupe, in two t'ree hour!"

Napoleon cut his steaks from the stiff carcass and hauled it out into the snow again.

"Dis is de cole countree, m'sieu," said Napoleon with a shake of the head, as he bolted the shack door and made up the fire. "Ver' cole countree! Dat bear, he freeze t'rou' to hees eensides *avant* you walk two honder arpent. Ver' fonny! Dat remin' me 'bout Isadore Latour an' Mamzelle Rosie an' beeg Bateese Bisson. 'Ave I ev' tall you dat storee 'bout Isadore an' Bateese? No? Dat's fonny, too! Mos' ev' bodee in Kebeck know dat storee.

"Isadore an' beeg Bateese dey bot' court wit' de sam' girl at de wan tam. De girl she was Rosie Desjardins. Her fadder was hol' Desjardins who boss de beeg lumb'r camp hup de reever from Mattawa. Mamzelle Rosie I t'ink she lak Isadore de bes'. Mebbe she lak Bateese, mebbe she don't. Still, she lak to 'ave two t'ree cavalier all de tam, sam' as de *Hamericaine* girl, *hein!* By gare, Mamzelle Rosie was de mos' fines' girl, de—de ver' nices' leetle Canadienne hon de reever. An' plentee cavalier ax her for mak' mariée, too. Bigosh, hol' 'Poleon heemself lak dat tam for mak' mariée wit' Mamzelle Rosie. Wail, de cavalier dat spark de mos' wit' Rosie was Bateese Bisson, but Isadore Latour he spark wit' her, too.

"Bateese he was beeg lak de ox, an' hall de tam fierce eenside, an' wit' a voice lak de Gran' Descharge. But w'en he spark wit' Rosie hees voice com' lak de leetle snow-bird w'en he's scart wit' de sout' win'. Isadore he was a leetle man, but he always chew hees teet' togedder an' t'ink wit' hees head, an' smart wit' hees feet lak de Banty rooster. But he always try to spik lak de bull-moose w'en he court Rosie. So Rosie she laugh wit' her sleeve, an' w'en Isadore com' an' roar lak t'onder wit' her 'bout how mooch he lak her, she tol' heem how gentle lak de sheep in de fiel' her Bateese was. An' w'en Bateese play wit' hees chapeau in hees han' an' spik wit' de sweat on hees neck 'bout how he lak her, Rosie tol' heem she lak a cavalier wit' de beeg heart, an' a brave man lak her Isadore, who was not scart wit' a girl. An' Bateese he go 'way mad an' spik ten twent' t'ousan' *sacrés* an' say to 'ail wit' Isadore. So, needer Bateese nor Isadore ever know w'ich she lak mos'.

"But bime-by Isadore he buy de gran' beeg guitar down in Mattawa, an' he com' an' see Rosie an' play de love *chanson* to her, an' she lak dat ver' mooch. Dat mak' beeg Bateese mad, so Bateese tak' de train to Mo'real an' buy heem de bigges' guitar in de town, an' he geeve de notaire publique feefteen dollaire to teech heem to play J'Amerai Tourjour, for de notaire publique mak' de bes' musick on de worl'. Wail, Bateese he work long tam, an' speet on hees hans an' work some more. I t'ink he work two t'ree week an' try to learn de *chanson*. Den he geeve heemself t'ree t'ousan' keeks an' geeve up. An' de notaire publique spik wit' heem an' say Bateese might learn La Chanson Normandie wit'out de sweat on de neck, mebbe. So Bateese try an' try, an' at las' de notaire publique say he know La Chanson Normandie ver' well. Den Bateese near go houtside heemself for de joy an' tak' de firs' train home an' go right way *chez* Mamzelle Rosie b'fore he forgot dat tune. Isadore see heem goin' lak de win', an' say, 'W'ere you go, Bateese, wit' dat fine beeg guitar?' Bateese he swell up de ches'—so—an' say he go *chez* Mamzelle Rosie Desjardins to sing La Chanson Normandie to her lak de leetle small oiseau an' mak' her cry wit' de eye. An' dat mak' Isadore mad, but he speet on de groun', ver' qui't, an' say, 'Ver' wail.' Wail, Bateese go lak de win,' an' tell Rosie he cam' to play de guitar to her lak Isadore an' mak' her cry wit' de eye. An' Rosie she say dat was nice, an' seet down to leesten. Den wit' de gran' air Bateese tak' de guitar an' open his mout'—so—but dat was de end. *Mon dieu*, Bateese he forgot de whole *chanson*, an' he say *sacré* an' run out in de snow an' keek de guitar wit' hees foot hall over de *chemin*.

"Wail, de nex' day Isadore com' an' geeve Rosie a nice leetle black dog. De nex' day Bateese he com' an' geeve her two beeg black dog, wit' de blue ribbon on de neck. Den Isadore geeve Rosie wan fine mud-turtle wit' de string on hees back, an' Bateese 'ear 'bout dat an' com' to Rosie wit' t'ree black-snake an' de tam' possum. Den Isadore borrow fourteen dollaire an' smoke de fine ceegar b'fore Rosie de whole week, fine ceegar *a cinq sous!* An' dat mak' Bateese mad an' he buy t'ree ceegar, de bes' hon de reever, t'ree for wan quarter, an' smoke dem hall at de sam' tam, an' Rosie laugh an' say he mus' be millionaire dose tams.

"Den Rosie's fodder spik wit' her, wit' de fire in hees eye, an' say dat won't do, wit' two cavalier at de sam' tam. He tol' her dat if she want to promenade wit' Bateese, Isadore mus' not spark wit' her, an' if she want to mak' mariée wit' Isadore, she mus' not ride in de sleigh wit' Bateese. An' Rosie she cry wit' de eye an' say she don't know if she lak Isadore de mos' or Bateese de mos'. So her fodder tell her to fin' out ver' quick. An' Rosie she don't know w'at is de bes' t'ing to do till Camille Papineau tol' her to mak' Bateese an' Isadore do de gran' deed lak de cavalier of *la belle France* long tam ago, an' den geeve de glove to de bes' wan, an' mak' mariée wit' heem. An' Rosie she t'ink dat a good way, but she leeve hout de glove, for de on'y glove she 'ave was de mitten of moosh-rat. An' she tell Bateese an' Isadore w'at her fodder spik, an' say she will mak' mariée wit' de cavalier dat brings her de bigges' moose skeen for de *cabine* floor, to keep hout de cole.

"W'en Isadore 'ear dat he feel ver' bad, for he was no good wit' de gun. But Bateese he laugh wit' hees sleeve an' start hout on de mos' cole day t'rough de snow. By gare, it was ver' cole dat day, an' de fros' geeve you de white nose an' freeze mos' hall de *rapide*. Isadore he wait behin' to geeve Rosie de kees on de cheek t'ree four tam an' den he start hout, too.

"Wail, Bateese he mak' for de wood an' look an' look for wan bull moose. An' late dat day he shoot de bull moose hall right, de fines' bull moose you nevaire see. But it was ver' cole, an' de night she get black an' more black, an' Bateese he say to heemself: 'Bigosh, I t'ink I freeze wit' de cole dis tam.' So he skeen de beeg moose an' roll heemself hup in de sof' side of de skeen; yessaire, wrap heemself hup nice an' close an' warm an' go to sleep wit' on'y de leetle hole at de top for hees breat' to go hout. An' Bateese sleep dare lak de *enfant* in de fedder-bed, an' on'y wak' up to sing de bes' he could, La Chanson Normandie. But de skeen, m'sieu, was ver' wet w'en Bateese wrap heemself up in it, an' in de night she froze steef wit' de cole. An' de next mornin' dere was Bateese froze in dat skeen, wit' on'y de leetle hole at de top an' wit' hees hands tight down at hees side—so—lak a man stuck in de smoke-stac' of de Northern Belle.

"Wail, he lay dere long tam, w'en bime-by long com' Isadore feelin' ver' bad, wit' wan leetle calf moose on hees hol' toboggan. Isadore he know a t'ing or two, an' he look at de moose skeen an' den at de leetle calf moose an' mak' de mout' to close, an' laughs wit' hees sleeve. He keek de moose skeen wit' de foot an' say hout loud: 'W'y, dat is de beeges' moose skeen I ever see! Bigosh, dat will be jus' de t'ing for me to geeve to Mamzelle Rosie, I t'ink.'

"Den Bateese he hear dat, an' he get mad eenside de skeen. 'Dat's my moose skeen, Isadore Latour, an' w'en I get hout of dis I will break de jaw hon you face, *sacrédam!*'

"'*Mon dieu*, dat is fonny!' Isadore say, wit' a leetle laugh. 'I almos' t'ink I hear som'boddy spik wit' me right here in de meedle of de fores'!'

"'You let me hout of here, Isadore Latour, or I will cut de leever hout of your eensides!' Bateese say, tryin' to move jus' de leetle finger eenside de skeen.

"'Dat is de fonnies' t'ing I ever seen!' Isadore say, makin' de sign. 'I t'ink for sure I hear a voice spik wit' me den. No? Wail, I t'ink it was de win'!'

"Den Bateese say he keel heem for sure 'nough, an' swear wit' de mout', an' Isadore tell me, m'sieu, he nev' hear noddin' so bad lak dat. But Isadore he pull hees leetle calf moose hoff in de snow, an' roll Bateese an' de skeen on de hol' toboggan. An' Isadore say: 'Bigosh, dat is de heavies' skeen I ever see!' an' say hout loud he t'ink he will cut it in de meedle wit' hees ax. Den Bateese mak' de moan lak de bull moose, an' swear wit' de mout' again an' spik de bad words hall de way home. But dat mak' no dif'rence wit' Isadore, who preten' he t'ink it is de *loup garou* he 'ear, an' go hall de faster.

"W'en he com' *chez* M'sieu Desjardins he call hout Rosie an' hall de *famille*, an' show de fine skeen. An' Rosie's fodder he say it was de fines' skeen he ever see, an' shak de han' wit' Isadore, an' say he is dat proud to 'ave de fine *garçon* in de *famille*. An' Bateese he start to say de swear-words again an' Isadore feel hup de hole at de top wit' snow. 'W'at are you doin' wit' dat snow?' said Mamzelle Rosie, who t'ought she 'ear de fonny noise eenside. Den Isadore wheesper someding in de ear to Rosie, an' dey bot' laugh, an' Isadore had to put plentee more snow in de hole at de top of de skeen.

"'I t'ink we'd bettaire go to M'sieu le Curé right-way,' said Isadore.

"'Alright,' said Rosie's fodder, 'but don't you t'ink, Isadore, we bettaire put dat fine skeen eenside to t'aw hout, eh?'

"Isadore he don't know w'at to mak' wit' dat. Den he t'ink wit' de head an' swell hup hees chest—so—an' say: 'Dat skeen!' he say. 'No, saire; de han' don't touch dat skeen till Mamzelle Rosie is my *femme*. Den, M'sieu Desjardins,' he say wit' hees gran' air; 'den, w'en we hav' de gran' *fête* to-night, or to-morrow night, or de nex' night, den we tak' heem in an' put heem by de beeg box-stov' an' t'aw heem hout. But I t'ink we mak' no hurry!' Dis tam Mamzelle Rosie had to t'row snow in de hole for 'bout t'ree four minute b'fore she mak' Bateese shut de mout'.

"So 'way dey hall went to de *curé*, an' lef' de skeen leanin'—so—hup to de church door. But w'en dey com' hout de skeen was gone. Som' peoples say hol' Pelang chop Bateese hout, an' som' peoples say dat w'en Rosie's modder com' hout in de meedle because de leetle babee mak' de cry, she hear Bateese eenside de skeen say many tam he will keel heem sure 'nough, *sacrédam*, an' mak' heem mak' de promis' to go away wit' de qui't mout' if she let heem hout. Wail, mebbe so, an' mebbe not. But dey say, m'sieu, Bateese lef' de town wit' de frot' on hees mout' an'—an'—an' hall de bad t'ings I don' know in de Anglaish.

"Oh, yes, m'sieu, Bateese cam' back long tam after dat; de ver' nex' sommer, I t'ink, wit' a *femme* of hees own. She was de chamber-maid at de gran' hotel, in Mo'real, an' is de madame wit' de beeg way, an' always mak' too mooch talk 'bout de *Parisien!*"

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Bogus Snap-Shots of Wild Animals

ONE of the developments of the modern art of "faking" is the manufacture of bogus photographs of wild animals, which are supposed to have been taken under circumstances of extreme difficulty. In fact, no kind of photography is quite so difficult as this, because the beasts and birds of the forest must be approached very closely in order to make their portraits large enough on the plate.

It is all very easy, however, for the ingenious fakir, who makes his snap-shots by daylight in a zoölogical park, the negatives or prints being afterward touched up in such a way as to eliminate any suggestions of wire fences or other accessories of the outdoor menagerie. Having got his pictures, he labels them in a suitable manner, and writes an article to go with them, describing the extraordinary adventures and hairbreadth escapes which he encountered on a trip through the wilderness, during which the portraits of these "wild" and often ferocious creatures were taken.

Only a short time ago a fakir of this kind obtained from the superintendent of the New York Zoölogical Park a number of excellent snap-shot pictures of animals in the collection there, which had been taken by the superintendent's own photographer. To supplement these he secured a number of other photographs, similar in character, from the Zoölogical Park in Washington. Then he exhibited the entire lot as having been taken out in the wilds. For example, a bear in the Zoölogical Park at Washington was located in the Maine woods, and a dear old Billy-goat, beloved of Washington children, was described as desperate and wild.

With the pictures he gave a very exciting description of his experiences as an artist-hunter in securing these marvelous snap-shots.

This is only one form of a species of fraud that has become popular of late. One ingenious individual, who narrowly escaped prosecution a while ago for counterfeiting rare eggs and selling the bogus specimens to museums and private collectors, has recently turned up with exquisitely lifelike photographs of birds, which in reality are produced by the help of stuffed specimens artistically attitudinized with wires.

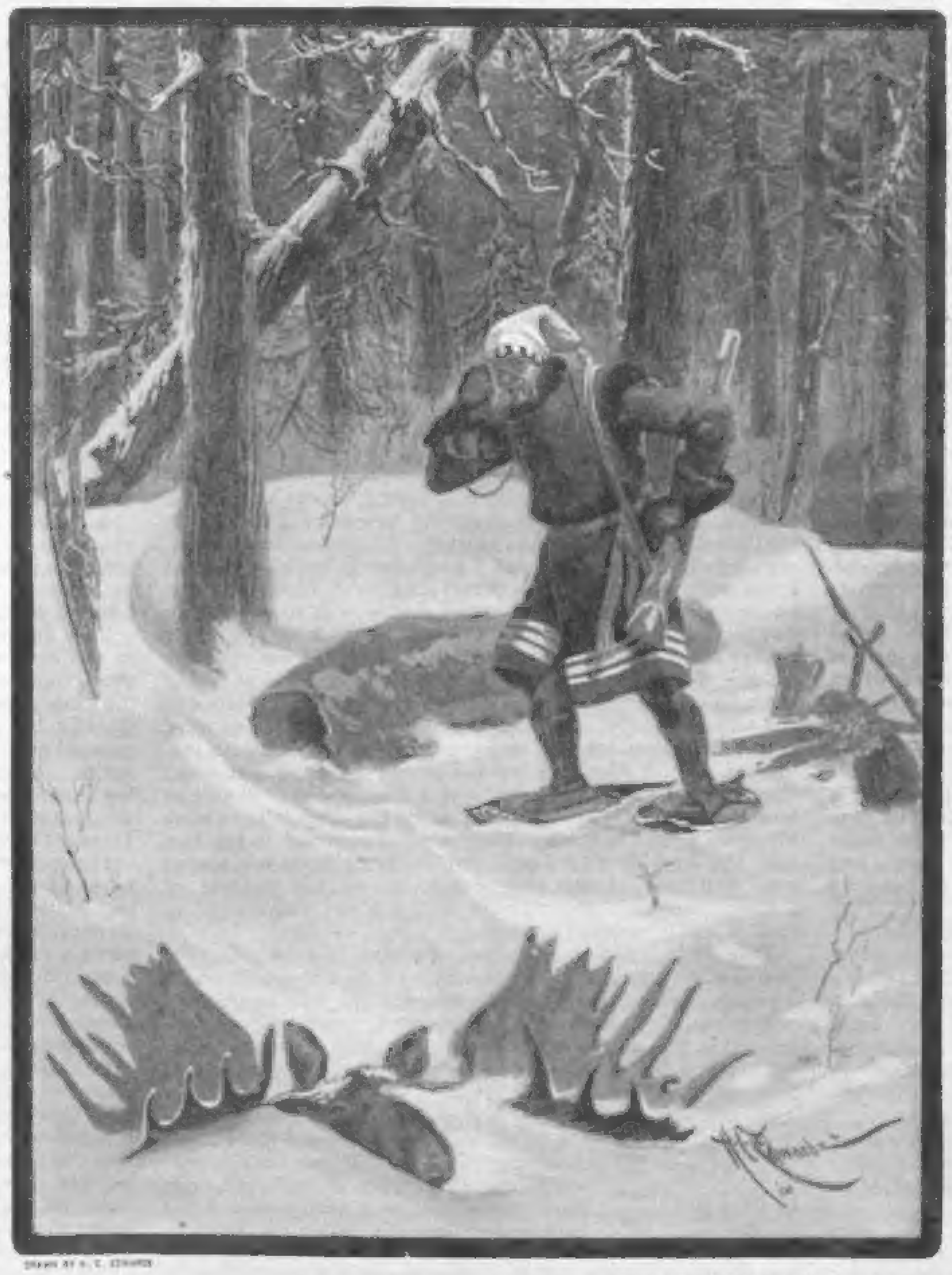
Booms in Wall Street

By Henry Clews

WALL STREET since the election has been enjoying a boom such as it has seldom known. Probably the most interesting feature about this boom is that it is not in any sense spectacular. In that respect it is unique. Prices of stocks are higher and the intrinsic value of most of them is greater than ever before. The market has all the qualities that normally would cause intensest excitement and focus the attention of the entire country on the Stock Exchange. Yet in spite of these conditions the Street is in a normal state of mind, and it is doubtful if the general mass of the people, who get their information from the newspapers, are aware that there is even an ordinary boom in Wall Street. This unusual condition is due, I believe, to the fact that the boom we are enjoying is built on a foundation that reaches clear to the bowels of the earth. There is nothing unnatural or artificial about it. Wall Street, instead of being the centre, is simply one of the centres that reflects the general prosperity throughout the country. Farmers, merchants, mechanics, mill workers and miners are all so intent on keeping pace with the progress in their own pursuits that they have no time to cast eyes our way. The same conditions that are booming stocks are booming everything else in the country at an equal rate, so that we are in nowise deserving of special attention.

Another factor, too, has developed in the Street that prevents the usual excitement and hurly-burly incident to a rising market. This is the absence of a pronounced central figure. Usually a boom centres about some one man who stands boldly out in the open, and whose hand is known to be manipulating values. At present the manipulation is being carried on by a method that is as quiet as it is novel and unusual. That the market is being manipulated is apparent enough even to the most casual observer. But the source of this manipulation is probably known to only a few.

They know that a new order of things has come, due to the most powerful influence that has ever manifested itself in Wall Street. This influence is very largely composed of the Standard Oil combination, who have introduced in their Wall Street operations the same quiet, unostentatious, but resistless measures that they have always employed in the conduct of their corporate affairs. The heretofore conspicuously big operators were mere tyros beside the men who are running things for us now.



DRAWN BY [illegible]

"I almos' t'ink I hear som'boddy spik wit' me right here in de meedle of de fores'!"

The Resistless Power Behind the Market

At his best, Jay Gould was always compelled to face the chance of failure. Commodore Vanderbilt, though he often had the Street in the palm of his hand, was frequently driven into a corner where he had to do battle for his life; and so it was with every great speculator, or combination of speculators, until the men who control the Standard Oil took hold. With them, manipulation has ceased to be speculation. Their resources are so vast that they need only to concentrate on any given property in order to do with it what they please; and that they have thus concentrated on a considerable number of properties outside of the stocks in which they are popularly supposed to be exclusively interested is a fact well known to every one who has opportunities of getting beneath the surface. They are the greatest operators the world has ever seen, and the beauty of their method is the quietness and lack of ostentation with which they carry it on. There are no gallery plays, there are no scareheads in the newspapers, there is no wild scramble or excitement. With them the process is gradual, thorough and steady, with never a waver or break. How much money this group of men have made it is impossible even to estimate. That it is a sum beside which the gain of the most daring speculator of the past was a mere bagatelle is putting the case mildly. And there is an utter absence of chance that is terrible to contemplate. This combination controls Wall Street almost absolutely. Many of the strongest financial institutions are at their service in supplying accommodations when needed. With such power and facilities it is easily conceivable that these men must make enormous sums on either side of the market. So far, fortunately, their manipulations have all been one way—upward; and in conjunction with the general prosperity this has resulted in making large sums of money for nearly everybody in the Street.

Here and there we have heard of losses, some of them fairly large, but in comparison with the general money-making these are hardly to be taken into consideration.

The Advent of Governor R. P. Flower

The last preceding boom that Wall Street enjoyed was as different from the present as it is possible to imagine. It had all the elements which this one has not. It centred about one man who stood out in the lime-light clear and distinct. It kept the Stock Exchange in a constant state of ferment. It filled the newspapers with column upon column of sensational stories. It made millions for an army of retainers, on paper, and it kept the market jerking up and down for months.

Roswell P. Flower, ex-Governor of the State of New York, was the leader of the boom, and a more picturesque figure has never been seen in Wall Street, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Flower was an individual of a very plain exterior. He often used language that was noticeable more for its force, directness and emphasis than it was for polish. He was rarely seen without a huge quid of tobacco that almost filled the left side of his mouth. Spittoons were an essential part of the furnishings of his office. His clothing hung on his person not unlike meal sacks. His hat was rarely brushed, and for days at a time, apparently, he forgot to shave. Altogether he was the last person, in appearance, who would be expected to lead in a district that is famous for its well-groomed men. His education was certainly not collegiate. All these factors the ordinary man would have judged to be handicaps, yet they were Mr. Flower's strongest aids. The lack of artificial polish gave people confidence in his statements. His limited education enabled him to think clearly along certain lines without being hampered by mental digressions, which would probably have come with a higher mental culture.

As the administrator and manager of the estate of his brother-in-law, Henry Keep, he came into the Street about twenty-five years ago. He controlled a large amount of funds, which by conservative direction he increased very substantially. He scarcely ever figured in the speculative field to any great extent until after he had completed his term as Governor of New York State. When he returned to the Street from Albany he naturally came with a considerable prestige. Ex-Governors of the Empire State are not very plentiful in and about the Stock Exchange. He also brought with him a large political following. In both of the great parties in New York State there are many men of standing and influence who like to take a flyer in Wall Street. Almost to a man they associated themselves with Mr. Flower, who, during his term at the capital, had made hosts of friends with Republicans and Democrats alike. He also had close associations with most of the big capitalists.

How Stocks Were Boomed with a Dash

After he had settled down to business, on leaving politics behind, Mr. Flower picked out several stocks as his specialties. Under his manipulation all these properties went up and soon began to show a big advance, unusual strength and great activity. The bears made frequent assaults on his position and now and then pushed him toward the wall, but he always fought his way to the front again, and came out master in every encounter. When he had himself pretty well intrenched in the specialties he was handling, he suddenly plunged into Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and for months he kept things stirred up in a way that even Wall Street has seldom seen. He picked up the stock commencing at 6 and in an incredibly short time ran it up to over 138. Almost every politician in the State made a fortune on paper. Mr. Flower was immensely popular with the Wall Street news reporters, who helped his boom along through the glowing accounts they wrote from day to day.

Under the impetus of the swirl in Rapid Transit, practically every property in the Street went flying upward, until the end did not seem to be in sight. The bears were beaten to a standstill every time they showed their heads. The only result of their attacks was that Flower stocks would jump up a notch higher. The ex-Governor preached Americanism and confidence, until everybody believed that if a stock were only grounded, and the property located in America, you could buy it at any price and still be on the safe side.

A Sudden Death Averts a Big Panic

That a terrible panic did not grow out of this boom was due only to one fact: Mr. Flower's sudden death. Had he lived thirty days longer the bubble must have been pricked, and the result would have been disastrous. Mr. Flower went to the country for a day's rest, ate freely of ham and radishes, and washed his frugal meal down with a copious supply of ice water. He died, a few hours afterward, of an attack of acute indigestion. His death alone saved the Street.

The Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts and his other wealthy friends rushed into the market with millions and sustained values. They were in a position to attribute the threatened reaction to his death and pointed out the absurdity of letting such an incident affect the value of stocks. They discounted the break that must have come, in the natural course of events, under the forcing process that was going on. Reasoning such as this, spread broadcast through the papers, stopped the break. Where the bottom would have fallen out entirely there was virtually but a moderate break all along the line. The small speculators, operating on moderate margins, were of course wiped out almost to a man; but most of the big fellows were saved. It is probably the only instance on record where the death of a big operator saved a general smash. Those hurt were numerous politicians and small-fry operators who, instead of getting away with snug fortunes in the shape of profits, lost everything.

An interesting incident of the Flower boom was the way it was involuntarily helped along by young Joe Leiter. Leiter himself, although he had gone to the wall some time previously, had indirectly brought about certain conditions that served Mr. Flower's purpose admirably. These conditions were the general release of hundreds of millions of dollars on mortgages on farm lands. When Leiter began to corner wheat it was ruling down in the neighborhood of sixty cents a bushel. He lifted it to considerably over a dollar before he went broke. This enabled thousands of farmers to realize on their crops at the dollar figure and above, which brought prosperity almost over night to the wheat-growing belt. With the money realized from their wheat they paid off their mortgages to the extent of two or three hundred million dollars. These mortgages were generally held in the East. This released that much Eastern capital, causing a vast volume of money to seek investment. The men controlling this money were overjoyed when Mr. Flower made an opening for them through the Wall Street boom, and hence it was comparatively easy, for a time, to push up values.

Mr. Morgan as a Railway Reorganizer

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, now a noted character in the Street, was trained as a clerk in the one-time famous banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. Later he made a connection with Anthony J. Drexel, probably the wealthiest banker of his time in America. Out of this connection grew the house of Drexel, Morgan & Co., with Mr. Morgan as the managing partner in New York. When Mr. Drexel died Mr. Morgan absorbed the entire business, and a few years later, when his father died, he became the head of the London house of J. S. Morgan & Co. as well.

This put him in a very prominent position. He soon thereafter demonstrated his influence by reorganizing the bankrupt Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company, changing its name to the Southern Railway Company. A number of small roads were added to it, many of which were in financial straits and practically all of which had been badly managed. He combined them into one system under one head. Mr. Morgan next turned his attention to the reorganization of the Reading and the Erie roads, which were in a bad way. He soon produced order out of chaos there, and that resulted in a boom in railroad stocks all along the line. He had several sharp tussles, however, with some of the big stockholders, who tried to stand out against him because they thought his plans too drastic.

The people who followed Mr. Morgan's lead in these transactions generally made money.

A different sort of deal was engineered a few years before by Mr. S. V. White, popularly known as Deacon White, because of his position as a deacon in Plymouth Church. Mr. White is one of the oldest operators in the Street, and one of its most striking figures. He has made half a dozen great fortunes in speculation and lost them, but he is as undaunted as ever, and in spite of the fact that he is now over seventy years old he is still active daily in the market.

Probably one of the most unique stock deals ever carried out in the Street resulted from the transaction of Joseph Bannigan when President of the Rubber Trust. The history of this deal, which for a time resulted in a great boom in industrials, has never been told, and is known to but very few persons, most of whom, by the way, were its victims.

How Bannigan Unloaded His Rubber

Bannigan was an uneducated Irishman. He began life in a New England rubber factory and conscientiously worked his way up from a wage of $1.50 a day to die worth five million dollars. He was shrewd and bright and knew the value of money. He saved to such good purpose that when the rubber trust was formed he was at the head of one of the biggest factories in the country, located in Providence. His knowledge of the trade was so thorough that, despite the fact that he almost invariably used small "i's" in writing a letter, he was made President of the trust, his holdings amounting to about forty thousand shares. When matters had been moving along for some time, Bannigan made up his mind that the other men in the trust, the big fellows, were not treating him right, and that the best thing he could do was to get out. So he packed his stock certificates in a gripsack, left Providence on the night boat, landed in New York bright and early, had his breakfast, and then made a bee-line for a stockbroker's office. He had assured himself in advance that this stockbroker was to be relied upon, and so he told him frankly what he intended to do.

"I want to sell out, bag and baggage," he said. "I want to get rid of every one of my forty thousand shares. Here they are; put them on the market and sell them." The stockbroker told him that that would never do. If he wanted to realize full value for his holdings he would have to go about it in a different way, for if he should throw his forty thousand shares into the market it would knock the bottom out of prices and he would get little or nothing for his stock. Mr. Bannigan saw the point and asked what he ought to do.

"Buy," said the broker.

"But I don't want to buy; I have got more now than I want."

"That is all right; buy anyway; that will make a market for the stock, and you can unload when the time comes."

"How much must I buy?"

"Oh, about $250,000 worth."

"But I have not got $250,000 in cash to go and buy rubber stock."

"Well, you can borrow it; a man in your position, Mr. Bannigan, will have no difficulty in borrowing $250,000."

Much against his will the old man was finally persuaded to do as he was told. About two weeks later the broker wrote to him that he must buy some more—this time $200,000 worth. Mr. Bannigan used rather strong language, but finally yielded as before. He borrowed $200,000 and turned it over. With this additional capital to work on, the broker continued to manipulate the market. The insiders soon discovered that some strong party was buying, but they did not know who, Bannigan having carefully kept himself in the background. His broker operated skillfully in the stock, one day buying, the next selling, to keep the stock active. The broker after a while began to borrow large amounts of the stock. This convinced the insiders that there was a big short interest somewhere and they got together in order to squeeze the shorts. The inside holders who controlled most of the stock combined to squeeze "the shorts" out. In furtherance of this plan they put the price up to 61 and at about that figure Bannigan's stock was all unloaded. Bannigan now found himself full of money while the other fellows were filled up with his stock. They never awakened to the fact that the President had sold out on them until his shares were delivered against their purchases, as they thought, of "short" stock. Rubber broke and did not stop tumbling until it had gone from 61 to 16.

This deal had all the elements of a comedy-drama, and the playwright who can do it justice will find material there which will make him an everlasting fortune and reputation.

It is not often, however, that newcomers in the Street fare as well as this in the end. For a time they will go on merrily enough, and send things booming, but in the end most of them get the worst of it.

Millions Won Only to be Lost

Mr. A. B. Stockwell is a good illustration of the truth of this. At one time he was worth many millions of dollars. His start in life was as a purser on a Lake Erie steamboat; his father, it is said, kept a livery stable in Cleveland. On one of his trips Stockwell was in a position to show considerable attention to Elias Howe, the inventor of the eye at the top end of the sewing-machine needle. Mr. Howe was accompanied by his daughter. Stockwell made himself agreeable to Miss Howe also, and with such good effect that he managed to win her affections and soon thereafter married her.

When Mr. Howe died Mrs. Stockwell came into possession of her father's millions. With this nest-egg Stockwell started in Wall Street, and before any one realized what had happened he was the most talked-of man in the district. He put all his wife's millions in Pacific Mail stock, secured entire control of the company and elected himself its President. He came into the Street as plain Stockwell. Then, as the news of his liberality and good-fellowship spread, he became Mr. Stockwell. After he got hold of the Pacific Mail he was Commodore Stockwell by common consent. Everybody bowed and scraped to him, and no man was so high and mighty that he was not proud to shake his hand.

Stockwell took hold of Pacific Mail at about 40 and sent it up to 107. It was at this period that he was worth on paper over $15,000,000. But he found, unfortunately when it was too late to retreat, that though Pacific Mail was up to 107 it was not worth that figure when the unloading commenced.

He was landed high and dry with it all, and the Street told him he was welcome to it. He tried to sell and found that there was no market. Then came violent demands on him to pay up his numerous call loans, and in order to respond he had to sell regardless of price, and thus a whirlpool was created which finally sent the stock down to the price at which he had begun his original purchases. In this one upset he lost all his paper profits and his wife's millions besides. That was the most famous boom in the history of Pacific Mail, notwithstanding Leonard Jerome's previous brilliant ups and downs in that property.

Leonard Jerome and his brother Addison had a good time with Pacific Mail for a while. They ran it up to high figures several times, but finally met with the same experience that Stockwell did. The two Jeromes, from being among the wealthiest and most dazzling operators in the Street, were in the end practically wiped out. Leonard Jerome, who was the father of Lady Randolph Churchill, had nothing left to bequeath his daughter except an equity in the house now occupied by the Manhattan Club on Madison Avenue, which yields an income of about $15,000 a year, of which Lady Churchill gets $10,000.

These are a few of the booms that have stirred up things in Wall Street at one time or another, as did the Keene, the Gould, the Vanderbilt booms and the rest.

A Striking Railway Career

ONLY twelve years ago Mr. Charles M. Hays, the new President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, held a clerical position. Now he receives the highest salary paid to any railroad president in America—probably in the world. This is said to be $55,000, or $5000 more than is paid to the President of the United States. The peculiarity of Mr. Hays' mental equipment which enables him to command this splendid income is well illustrated by a certain bunch of old letters reposing in the pigeonhole of the desk of an official who was a subordinate to Mr. Hays when the latter was General Manager of the Wabash road. Some of these epistles are only two or three lines in length, but not one of them is too short to contain a sentence of official commendation of a kind calculated to stir the heart of the most indifferent subordinate. The ability to bestow approval with the same discernment and promptness with which he metes out criticism is held by the former associates of this official to be the secret of his phenomenal success.

It is said that the most difficult step in Mr. Hays' career was that from a purely clerical to a semi-official position. He had been chief clerk in the office of Mr. A. A. Talmadge, General Manager of the Missouri Pacific road, before and after the consolidation of that road with the Iron Mountain and the Wabash lines. When the Wabash withdrew from the combination and Mr. Talmadge became its General Manager, young Hays' friends gave his superior a surprise by quietly informing Mr. Talmadge that they felt he had fairly won a promotion. They proposed that he be made "Assistant to the General Manager"—a position not then existing.

This did not, it is said, meet with the immediate approval of the conservative old railway official, and the ambitious young man was left to win his point by the exercise of that diplomacy in which he is now recognized as a master. Quietly but steadily the campaign was pursued until the coveted appointment was won and he stepped into the official ranks. A little later, the man who had given him his training passed away and Mr. Hays was called upon to step into the position of Acting General Manager. The appointment of Mr. Hays as General Manager, with the full title, quickly followed.

His complete demonstration of remarkable abilities for harmonizing conflicting interests and attracting a large, popular and loyal following was made as Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk line. Here he encountered a deep-seated prejudice against his Yankee origin and American methods. From flagman to directors the road was staunchly British. Red tape and officialism were highly developed in the service. There was not, it is said, a typewriting machine in any office of the system.

One of the first of the orders issued by Mr. Hays was for a force of stenographers and typewriters, and an equipment of machines for the entire system. But the most revolutionary practice which he carried into effect on the big Canadian road was the "open door" policy. Not only did Mr. Hays keep his own door open to all who had legitimate and important business, but he also saw to it that the doors of the officials under him were broadly open to the public.

He also spent much time in going over the line and devoted himself to making the acquaintance of the people. His attitude was broadly democratic and stood out in strong contrast to all precedents. His keen memory of faces enabled him almost instantly to recognize and call by name any man whom he had met on a previous occasion. He quickly learned to identify the men of all ranks in the service. When possible he filled vacancies by promotion from the ranks. Special cases of devotion, efficiency and bravery on the part of employees seldom escaped the attention of Mr. Hays, who invariably found time directly to commend and often to reward such loyalty.

This policy and the diplomacy and sound business judgment with which it was enforced brought to Mr. Hays the election as President of the Southern Pacific, where his gift for reconciling conflicting interests and instituting a broad and democratic policy will have a still broader field of application. Mr. Hays is only forty-four years of age and was born in Rock Island, Illinois.

A business street in Hongkong

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank (at Hongkong)

A street in Shanghai

ENGLISH-CHINA. *By* Frank G. Carpenter

WHAT are the English to have in the China of the future? What they prefer is no division whatever, but to have the whole Empire a grand free for all. Failing to secure this they claim the right to the great Yang-tse Valley, and, by indirection, to all the land south of it, including about two-thirds of China proper, comprising in whole or in part twelve of the best states of the Empire, or one-fifth as much land as the whole United States, with a population three times as large as that of our country.

Take your map and look at it. Put your finger on Kowloon, opposite Hongkong. That is the southeastern boundary stone. Now go westward as far as from New York to Kansas City along the line of Canton to the Kun-Long Ferry on the frontier of Burmah. That is the place where the railways of China and Farther India are to unite, forming the great trade route for the tea and silk of Central China to the Bay of Bengal for shipment to Europe, and opening up the province of Yun-Nan, one of the richest mineral regions of the world, the Alabama and Tennessee of South China. From there turn to the northeast and travel as far as from New York to Pittsburg. You are now at the walled city of Ching-Too-Foo, the capital of Se-Chuen, the chief province of West China, a province that has six-sevenths as many people as the United States and which is equally rich in mineral and industrial possibilities. That is another centre. You are now on the other side of the Yang-tse, but railroads are planned from here to Canton and this is a part of the great railroad net which will embrace the English China of the future. Now turn to the eastward and start on your long trip down the Yang-tse. You will have to go farther than from Boston to Salt Lake before you get to the Yellow Sea, whence you can sail back southward to your place of beginning. Within the lines along which you have traveled are embraced the most of the provinces which the English hope to control, the territory which they practically claim as their special sphere of influence and trade.

A Wonderful Empire Made Out of Chaos

What an empire! Agricultural! Mineral! Industrial! The land is among the richest ever built up out of the primeval chaos. Much of it is a garden comprising the great tea and silk districts, and the best of the rice and grain lands of China. Its climate is as temperate as ours, its rainfall is as even as that of New England, and its emerald plains are inclosed in a network of silver streams. Comparatively little is wasted by mountains; the rivers, creeks and canals are so distributed that in many parts every man's house can be visited by boat.

The Yang-tse itself is a vast water highway almost bisecting the Empire. I have sailed upon it on a big ocean steamer as far as from New York to Chicago. By the small steamers recently added you can travel inland on the Yang-tse-Kiang as far as Salt Lake is distant from Boston; it has many tributaries, and its navigable waterways, if placed end to end, would reach half-way around the globe.

The shipping of the Yang-tse is enormous. Its system has more boats than all the other streams of China combined. Steamers leave Shanghai daily for Hankow, a great commercial centre about seven hundred miles to the westward, and the trip is made within two or three days. The first large city reached is Ching-Kiang, situated at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Yang-tse. This gives water access on the north to the rich provinces of Shan-Tung and Chi-Li with Tien-Tsin and Peking, while on the south it opens up the water highways of trade to the millions about Soo-Chow and Hang-Chow.

A little farther on up the river you pass the walled city of Nanking. It has now a population of 500,000. For generations it was the capital of China, and it is still a centre of industry and commerce. A little farther on you come to Kukiang, near which is the great Po-Yang Lake, with the vast tea regions about it.

Steaming onward you go by many walled cities the names of which you hardly know, and at last stop at Hankow, the Chicago of China, with the great city of Woo-Chang on the opposite bank and the manufacturing centre of Han-Yang just beyond. Hankow has about a million people. Woo-Chang has several hundred thousand, and Han-Yang is rapidly growing. It is at this point that the River Han flows into the Yang-tse, giving twelve hundred miles of navigation from here to the northward, and, by the railroads which are now proposed, a connection with the enormous coal fields of Shan-See, the Pennsylvania of China. These coal fields are only 250 miles from the Han, and when the railroad is completed that river will be the great coal chute from them to the Yang-tse, just as the Ohio River is the coal chute from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi to-day.

Hankow is surrounded by rich deposits of coal and iron. It has already car works covering more than twenty-five acres and the Chinese have erected enormous brass furnaces. It is to be the great middle station on the trunk line which is to go from Peking to Canton, and thence to Kowloon at Hongkong. It will be the chief railroad centre of interior China, with roads branching out in every direction.

Steamers Can Go Inland a Vast Distance

But at Hankow you are only at the beginning of the possible steam travel on the Yang-tse. Ocean ships can go upward hundreds of miles to Ichang, tapping many centres of trade, and small steamers still farther. A little beyond Hankow lies the lake of Tung-Ting, the largest body of fresh water in China. This gives access to the rich province of Hu-Nan, a region noted for its fine teas, and still farther on, not quite a thousand miles from the sea, is the open port of Ichang, where the British are already doing considerable trade.

It is just about here that the famous gorges of the Yang-tse begin, the river cutting its way through great cañons, and roaring like Niagara as it dashes amongst the rocks. The new steamers recently built will pass through these gorges, and cargoes and passengers can now be carried on into the thousands of miles of navigable waterways beyond.

After traveling four hundred miles above Ichang you come to the open port of Chun-Khing, the commercial capital of West China, which was opened to trade in 1891. It is the chief port of Se-Chuen, a province bigger than New England, which has within a few millions as many people as the whole United States. Chun-Khing now contains 300,000 people. It is built on a high, rocky bluff on the banks of the Yang-tse, with a wall five miles long about it which accentuates its height. The city has a foreign concession, with English and American Consuls.

Still farther west you pass a big city at the junction of the Min and the Yang-tse, and farther on are other large towns in Se-Chuen and along the northern boundary of Yun-Nan almost to Thibet.

The region south of the Yang-tse is even more rich, the whole comprising, in fact, the cream of the population and wealth, as well as of the undeveloped resources, of the China of to-day.

The English claim this territory upon several grounds: by priority of possession, by railroad and mining concessions granted or applied for, and by the fact that they, as the nation which has done the most for the opening up of China, have the right to the largest share of its trade.

Let us first take the claim as to the railroad concessions. A large part of the capital of the projected railroads is expected from England. The lines from Tien-Tsin to Peking and from Tien-Tsin to Shanhaikwan were built with English money, and the English still have a mortgage on them, although they have been grabbed by the Russians. This railroad system was built by Mr. C. W. Kinder, an English engineer, and until now its foreign directors have been English.

All the railroad schemes south of the Yang-tse, with the single exception of the French line along the borders of Tonquin, are based upon English and American

The English Club in Shanghai

The Band in Shanghai

On the Yang-tse-Kiang at Hankow

The Hongkong Club

Boats on the Han River at Hankow

capital. An English firm has built a road from Shanghai to Woo-Sung on the Yang-tse. This is to be continued by the way of Hang-Chow and Ching-Kiang to Nanking, and it will eventually go from there northward to connect with the road now being built from Hankow to Peking. Another British project is for a railway from Ching-Kiang northward along the Grand Canal to Tien-Tsin, and a third is proposed from Soo-Chow and Hang-Chow to Ning-Po. All these roads go through thickly-populated regions, the last opening up some of the richest silk districts of the Empire.

You have heard of the American scheme for a railroad from Hankow to Canton! The concession for this was granted to the American Exploration Company, but it is said to have now united with the British Exploration Company and the road is to be extended from Canton to Kowloon, opposite the British island of Hongkong, making the latter the terminus of China's greatest trunk line. This road will give Peking almost direct connection with Canton and Hongkong. It will pass through the richest industrial provinces of the Empire and give railroad facilities to about 200,000,000 people.

Connected with this same system and in part tributary to it will be another great scheme of roads which will connect Canton with Cheng-tu, crossing the Yang-tse at Chun-Khing, and another still will be a road from Chun-Khing down through Yun-Nan City and the province of Yun-Nan to connect with the railways of Burmah, making Rangoon the great tea port for West China. These roads, with their branch lines, would inclose the best parts of Central and South China and bring them under Anglo-American influence. In addition are the mining concessions granted to Mr. W. Pritchard Morgan, Member of Parliament, for the mineral development of the great province of Se-Chuen; and those of the Peking Syndicate, largely English, for the vast coal and iron regions of Shan-Si, although the latter are entirely outside the above boundaries.

The English are to-day the predominant foreigners in China. They were the first on the ground and they still do the most business. There has been an English China at Hongkong for fifty-eight years, and many of the English business houses of other ports were established more than half a century ago. At most of the ports there is a little British concession; a foothold upon which John Bull can stand and reach out for the future.

There are now 800 foreign mercantile firms in the Chinese Empire. Of these 398 are British, 107 German, forty-three American and thirty-seven French. The English import and export more goods than all the others combined. Their firms have the largest capital, aggregating tens of millions of dollars, and paying such dividends that many wealthy families in England live upon their stock in the big business firms of Shanghai, Hongkong, Canton and other Chinese ports. These firms were originally established to deal in exports and imports between China and England, but they have branched out into a trade with all the world. They own warehouses, wharves and real estate. They already have steamship lines of their own and are now asking for railroad concessions.

One Bank with Deposits of $80,000,000

The English are doing the most of the foreign banking for China. They get a percentage on the greater part of the quarter of a billion dollars used in its foreign trade. They have made the Chinese Government loans up to the last four or five years; the first two loans at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, each amounting to $80,000,000, having been placed with the English and Germans. There is one English bank in China which has deposits of $80,000,000. It pays six per cent. on deposits, and, notwithstanding this, declares big dividends. In a recent transaction it made a clear profit of $2,000,000, and its stock is now two hundred per cent. above par.

There are, in round numbers, about 13,421 foreigners in China. I do not include the soldiers called in by the present war. Of these foreigners, more than 5000 are English, 2000 Americans, 1000 Germans, 900 French, 160 Danes, 400 Spanish, 150 Italians, 1000 Portuguese and 1700 Japanese. More than two-thirds of the Americans are missionaries, but of the people of the remaining nations the majority are in trade, the Portuguese being confined to their little settlement of Macao, in South China.

A look at what the English are doing at the different ports will show whether they are profitable or unprofitable servants. They surely have not wrapped their talent in a napkin and buried it in the sand. They have made the open ports modern European cities. They are everywhere the leaders in society, education and business. At every port

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman.

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

ON PROBATION

IT'S CURIOUS how little you know, after all, about the fellows here of whom you know most. As time goes on I suppose you gradually learn more—although I've been told by upperclassmen that they've seen certain fellows every day for years, and, while apparently intimate with them, have never taken the trouble to find out their real names—their first names, that is to say. And as for knowing what their families are like—what they've been used to before *they came* to college—you can only guess; and you usually guess wrong. At least, I do. Berrisford, however, is very wonderful. He has a mind as comprehensive in its scope as the last seventy-five pages of an unabridged dictionary, and his talent for sizing people up and telling you all about them is really remarkable. He is the last person in the world, though, that I should have picked out as a citizen of Salem, and one day I told him so. He explained himself by saying that his mother had made an unfortunate marriage. I felt very sorry, as the only time I saw his mother I thought her lovely.

"He was very handsome and had a great deal of money, and was the best and most delightful man I ever knew," Berri went on.

"Well, I don't see anything so dreadfully unfortunate in all that," I ventured.

"Ah, but he wasn't from Salem," Berri explained simply. "He didn't even have any cousins there, although for a time mamma's family tried to delude themselves into believing they were on the track of some. They traced him back to Humphrey de Bohun and Elizabeth Plantagenet, but there they lost the scent; and as mamma's people—perhaps you know—came from the King of Navarre and Urracca, Heiress of Arragon, why—of course—well, you know how people talk. It was all very sad. Naturally mamma never cared to live in Salem after that, and I think my grandparents were rather relieved that she preferred to stay most of the time in France. They used to come over and see us every few years, but *of* course *no one* in Salem ever knew about that; everyone believed that grandfather had to take a cure at Carlsbad—at least that was what was given out whenever he went abroad. I suppose I can't help seeming somewhat crude now and then," he mused dismally; "dilute the strain and it's bound to show sooner or later. But there—I don't know why I've told you all this; it isn't the sort of thing one can discuss with everybody."

"All this" was intensely interesting and mysterious to me, but I don't think I can ever get on to it entirely; just when I'm beginning to feel that I've mastered the details I collide with a perfectly new phase and find I don't know anything at all. My ignorance has led to several discussions with Berri—the heated kind that always result in coldness. When I told him, for instance, that I'd met Billy in town one morning and he'd taken me home for luncheon, Berri said, "How nice," and proceeded to effect a union of his eyebrows and the top of his head.

"Now what on earth is the matter with Billy?" I exclaimed indignantly, for I'd enjoyed my luncheon exceedingly, and the house was the biggest thing I had ever seen.

"Oh, Billy's all right. He's really very nice, I imagine—although, of course, I don't know him very well," said Berri. "Why do you ask?"

"Who wouldn't ask when you hang your eyebrows on your front hair that way at the mere mention of his name?" I demanded. "Why do you say 'of course,' and why do you always make a point of the fact that you don't know him well? Who cares whether you do or not?" I pursued, for I wanted to clear this mystery up once and for all.

"Well, *you* seem to care a good deal," Berrisford laughed.

"Oh, not personally," I assured him, "only in the interest of science."

We squabbled for an hour and at the end of that time I had discovered that (1) Billy's family spell their name with an e—a most incriminating thing to do, apparently, and (2) their house is on the left hand side of the street as you go up, which (3) makes it easier for a rich man to pass through the moat into Heaven than to draw a beam of recognition from the eye of his neighbor. It was all very confusing—especially as Berrisford insisted that no one had ever told him these things—he had known that they were so when he came into the world.

"Well, I don't see how you've allowed yourself to be so friendly with me," I wondered sarcastically. "You've been pretty reckless, it strikes me. How do you know what side of the street our house is on in Perugia, Wisconsin—or whether, indeed, we live in a house at all?"

"Oh, you're different," Berri laughed.

"Different from what?"

"From everything; that's why I'm willing to run the risk. You're a strange, barbarous thing, and I like you immensely."

That was all the satisfaction I got. The reason I thought of this was because Duggie and I discussed it among other things that Sunday morning on the rocks.

It was perfectly evident that Duggie's family lived on the right side of the street, and didn't "spell their name with an e," although I should never have seen them in this light if Berrisford hadn't opened my eyes ("poisoned my mind," Duggie called it). Duggie's father resembles the Duke in Little Lord Fauntleroy, and his mother—well, his mother is like Duggie; one couldn't say very much more than that. My impression of them is that they are between nineteen and twenty feet high, and when they and Duggie and his elder sister and two younger brothers were assembled, they looked the way family groups of crowned heads ought to look and don't.

The sister met us at the station with a cart and two ponies.

"They told me to take care of myself," Duggie said to her sort of doubtfully.

"He's afraid of my nags," she explained to me as I clambered up beside her.

"I'm afraid of your driving," Duggie answered. "I brought Jack Hollis down here to rest one Saturday and Sunday," he said to me, "and after she'd whirled him around the country for several hours on two wheels and run into a few trees and spilled him over a cliff, the poor thing went back to town with heart disease and has never been the same since."

Now, of course, Duggie merely meant to give me an exaggerated idea of his sister's driving, and she, of course, knew that his remark was quite innocent; but nevertheless she began to blush (it was then, I think, that I first noticed how pretty she was) and abruptly gave one of the horses a slap with the whip that sent us plunging and nearly snapped my head off.

"Hold on, Tommy," Duggie called to me. "This is what I go through every time I come home." Then, as a flock of terrified hens scuttled shrieking from under the ponies' feet, he added: "Tell them I was very brave and hopeful to the end and that my last words were about the team." But pretty soon the horses settled down into a fast, steady trot, and we bowled along the prettiest road I've ever seen—between thick woods, and, farther on, great, uneven meadows marked off in irregular shapes with low fences of rough stone. The meadows to the right ran back to the woods, but the ones on the left stretched away ahead of us into a vast plain. It gave me a queer, happy feeling that I can't explain—as if I were going to soar out of the cart and over the meadows—straight on into space. I couldn't imagine where such a sweep of luminous horizon led to—it seemed extraordinary to come across anything so much like a prairie in New England. The air, too, had a lot to do with the way I felt. It was wonderful air—not cold exactly, and not wet; although I thought every minute that it was going to be both. It had a peculiar smell to it that, without knowing why, I liked. I filled my lungs with it, and somehow it made me feel bigger than I usually do. Then all at once the ponies scampered over the top of a little incline, and, although Miss Sherwin was telling me something, I gasped out:

"Oh-h-h-h—it's the ocean!" and forgot what she was saying, and even that she and Duggie and the cart were with me at all. For I had never seen it before; and it was right there in front of me—brimming over in long, slow, green, pillowy things that rolled forward and slipped back, forward and back, until all at once they got top heavy and lost control of themselves and tumbled over the edge in a delirious white and green confusion that slid across the sand in swift, foamy triangles almost up to our wheels and made the ponies shrink to the other side of the road in a sort of coquettish dance. Then there was a very slim, refined-looking lighthouse on a gray rock bordered by a little white frill where it touched the water, and beyond that, putting out to sea, was a great ship with bulging sails, and a steamer that left a lonely trail of black smoke sagging after it for miles.

I don't know how long I stared at these things, or how long I should have kept on staring at them, if I hadn't happened to glance up and see that Miss Sherwin was looking down at me and laughing. I think she expected me to say something, but I couldn't bring myself to come out with either of the only two things that occurred to me—one of which was that as it looked so exactly as I always thought it was going to, I didn't see why I felt almost like bursting into tears when we came over the hill-top and actually saw it; and the other was—that I should have very much liked to get down and taste it. However, Miss Sherwin had about all she could do to attend to the horses and didn't insist on an explanation; so we said hardly anything all the rest of the way, and just let the wind blow in our faces and watched the waves tumble across the hard sand for miles.

At first nothing at the Sherwins' seemed in the least real to me. Even Duggie struck me as altogether different, although he was, of course, just the same—only seen in unexpected surroundings.

First of all, when we arrived, a groom popped up from behind a hedge and took the horses; then two young men in dark green clothes with brass buttons and yellow waistcoats bustled down from the piazza to get our things out of the cart. They were rather handsome, but had very troubled expressions, and looked as if they worried a good deal for fear they shouldn't do it right. Duggie nodded to them over his shoulder, and I think they were secretly gratified at this—although I suspect them of having worried terribly for fear they might betray it. They helped us off with our coats and hats when we got inside, which is all well enough, and makes you feel as grand as you do in a barber-shop, but has its disadvantages, for they run away with everything you have, and lock them up somewhere in a safe, and when you want to go out to play with the dogs or take a walk and think it all over, you usually have to tell Vincent to tell Dempsey to tell Chamberlain that you would like a hat.

Miss Sherwin led me through some beautiful rooms, and as we walked along she turned to me and exclaimed:

"Aren't you fearfully keen for your tea?"

I really don't care in the least for tea; in fact, I rather dislike it. But she seemed to take it so for granted that I should be in a sort of tea-guzzling frenzy by half-past five o'clock that I hated to disappoint her, and was going to say, "Oh, yes—fearfully," when it flashed through me that I could make my reply more elaborate and interesting than this, and thought it would be rather effective to murmur, "One gets so out of the habit in Cambridge." Then (all this took only about a second) it occurred to me that I'd never in my whole life drunk a cup of tea in the afternoon with the exception of the time that Berrisford had some people out to his rooms. So I merely said—which was perfectly true: "I don't like tea; but I like those thin, round cakes that are brown at the edges and yellow in the middle." This made her laugh, and I was glad I hadn't said the other thing, because she's very pretty when she laughs.

One corner of the piazza is inclosed in glass, and we had tea out there where we could watch the sunset and the pink lights on the water as it rolled up almost to the lawn in the front yard. The two younger brothers came in—one of them has a tutor and the other goes to St. Timothy's—and while we were waiting for the tea things to be brought, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin sauntered across the grass. I forget whether they had been gathering orchids in the conservatory or merely feeding the peacocks, but they were both exceedingly gracious and glad to see me. Yet their very way of taking me so for granted (just as Miss Sherwin had about the tea) made me uncomfortable at first. They couldn't, of course, have asked me to explain myself—to tell them what right I had to consume cakes in their crystal palace and enjoy their sunset; but the mere fact that they didn't seem to expect me to justify myself in any way made me feel like an impostor.

The man who brought in the tea things had a good deal to do with this. I'm quite sure that he disapproved of me from the first. He was older than the two who met us at the door, and I think he had probably long since ceased to worry on his own account; but he worried a lot over me. Later—at dinner—he just gave up all his other duties and stood behind my chair, mentally calculating the chances of my coming out even or behind the game in the matter of knives and forks. Whenever I used too many or too few (which I did constantly) he would glide away and remedy the defect, or craftily remove the damning evidence of my inattention. In writing to mamma about my visit I ended my letter by saying: "I had a delightful time—but it would take me years to get used to their butler." To which mamma replied: "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, dear; they must live charmingly. But I simply can't see why they shouldn't have good butter. It's so easy to get it now almost anywhere. Perhaps they don't eat it themselves and don't realize that they are being imposed upon." (This will be one of the greatest triumphs of papa's declining years, as he is always blowing me up about my handwriting.) Whenever Dempsey (the other servants call him "Mr. Dempsey") came into the glass place I waited in a sort of trembling eagerness, half expecting him to announce "Lord and Lady Belgrave and Miss Muriel Fitz Desmond," but the only person who dropped in was an old man named Snagg, and although Dempsey made as much out of his arrival as any one possibly could—you can't, after all, do miracles with a name like Snagg. However, I was grateful to Mr. Snagg for coming, as it brought me back to earth again.

To tell the truth, before the evening was finished I began to get over the unreal sensation I had at first, and saw very plainly that whether or not I felt at home depended entirely on me. Duggie and his family—poor things—didn't have any idea that their Dempsey paralyzed me with fright, or that (just as Berri had predicted) by the time dinner was ready I was shaky in the knees with hunger. They assumed that a friend of Duggie's naturally would feel at home and know beforehand what was going to happen. This dawned on me when I realized that Duggie was exactly as he always is, and that the others were probably exactly as *they* always were, and I couldn't help appreciating after a time that if they took me so calmly, it was rather unreasonable of me not to feel the same way about them. No one made any effort to entertain me, which is very nice—after you get used to it. Mrs. Sherwin played solitaire after dinner, while Duggie and his sister (she was embroidering something) and I sat around a fire that Miss Sherwin said was built of driftwood from an old whaler, and Duggie declared was manufactured with chemicals by a shrewd person in Maine. I don't know who was right, but with the sea murmuring just outside the windows and coming down every now and then with a great thud on the little beach at the end of the lawn, I preferred to believe in the old whaler theory. Mr. Sherwin would appear every few minutes to read us something he had come across in a volume of literary reminiscences which reminded him of something entirely different that had happened to Thoreau or Emerson or Hawthorne or Margaret Fuller—all of whom he had, as a young man, known very well, indeed. He was delightful.

The next day was Sunday, and as no one awoke me, I found when I got downstairs that it was after ten o'clock and that everybody, with the exception of Duggie, had gone to church. Duggie had been up for hours taking a long walk with the dogs. He came into the glass place on the piazza, where I had breakfast, and read aloud about the game of the day before. Out-of-doors it was almost as warm as in summer, so we took some books and strolled along a cliff to a sheltered place on the rocks and sat down in the sun. I didn't feel much like reading, although when you're sitting out-of-doors in the sun I think it's rather pleasanter, somehow, to have a book on your lap. Duggie had a shabby little volume that he read for a minute or two at a time; then he would stop for five or ten and look at the sea swirling around a rock away below us. After a while I became curious to know what the book was, and the next time he closed it over his finger I reached out and took it. The name of it was M. Aurelius Antoninus, and it seemed to be a series of short, disconnected paragraphs with a great many footnotes. A good many of the paragraphs were marked. The only one I can remember went something like this:

"Don't act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest—while it is in thy power, be good."

"I suppose you're studying this for some course," I remarked after I had read the extract aloud. "It's so solemn I didn't think you could be reading it for fun," I added.

"I don't suppose I am reading it for fun exactly," Duggie laughed. "It isn't very funny to realize the force of that paragraph when there are so many things you hope to do."

"Well, of course I know I'm not going to live ten thousand years, but it's so lovely down here that I don't feel a bit as if I weren't," I said, lying back in the sun and closing my eyes.

"That's why I read the book," answered Duggie; "it's tremendously easy to feel that way almost anywhere—down here particularly." He was more serious, I think, than he looked.

"Why shouldn't one?" I asked. But he only laughed and told me I'd better read the book, too, and find out.

"It might be a short cut—a sort of revelation. It took me a good while to arrive at it by myself," he added. "Why, when I first went to Cambridge I had an idea that if a man's family were what's called 'nice,' and well known, and if he had good manners and knew a lot of other fellows whose families were nice and well known, and people went around saying that he'd make the first ten of the Dickey, and be elected into some club or other—I had an idea that he really amounted to a great deal."

"Well, doesn't he?" I asked boldly, for all that seemed to me pretty fine.

I think Duggie was going to answer rather sharply, but he must have decided not to, for after a moment he said:

"I suppose whether he does or not depends on the point of view."

"From yours, I take it, he doesn't?" I mused.

"He has a lot in his favor—all sorts of opportunities that other people haven't," Duggie admitted, "but I've come to look at him as quite unimportant until he tries at least to take some advantage of them. Good Heavens! the wheels of the world are clogged with 'nice' people," said Duggie.

"But what on earth can a person do in a place like college, for instance?" I objected. "You're there, and you know your own crowd, and you're satisfied with it because it's awfully—awfully——" I hesitated.

"Awfully nice," Duggie laughed; "and you never see any one else, and they're all more or less like you—and the rest of your class is composed of grinds, muckers and 'probably very decent sort of chaps, *but*'——" Here Duggie reached over and gave me a push that nearly sent me into the sea. "But dontche care—I didn't mean to get started. And anyhow there's plenty of time."

"Only ten thousand years," I replied.

"Fleetwood's Wednesday Evenings begin next week. If you want to remove your infamous towhead from its richly upholstered barrel for a minute, you'd better come around," he suggested. "Fleetwood had his Wednesday Evenings on Friday last year because he thought it was more quaint—but I see he's changed back."

"He told me if I came I should hear a lion roar," I said, trying to remember my talk with Fleetwood at The Holly Tree. At this Duggie lay back and shrieked aloud.

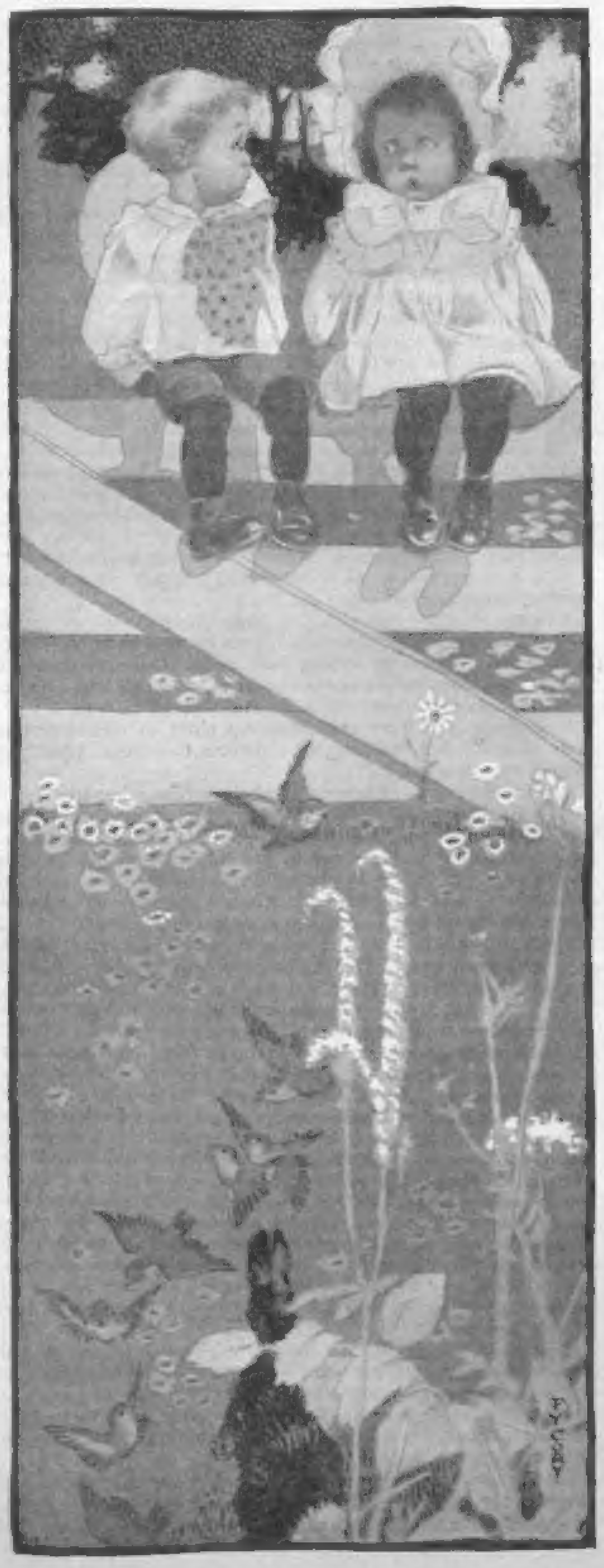
"That man will be found some day torn into small, neat shreds," he managed to say at last.

"Why?" I asked—for I knew he liked Fleetwood.

"Why, because I'm the lion," Duggie giggled.

Editor's Note—The next installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of January 19.

DRAWN BY FANNY Y. CORY



The Babes in the Wood

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

A MAN of kind and noble mind
  Was H. Gustavus Hyde.
'Twould be amiss to add to this
  At present, for he died,
    In full possession of his senses,
    The day before my tale commences.

One-half his gold his four-year-old
  Son Paul was known to win,
And Beatrix (whose age was six)
  For all the rest came in.
    Perceiving which, their uncle Ben did
    A thing that people said was splendid.

For by the hand he took them, and
  Remarked in accents smooth:
"One thing I ask. Be mine the task
  These orphan babes to soothe!
    My country home is really charming:
    I'll teach them all the joys of farming."

One halcyon week they fished his creek
  And watched him do the chores,
In haylofts hid, and, shouting, slid
  Down sloping cellar doors.
    Because this life to bliss was equal
    The more distressing is the sequel.

Concealing guile beneath a smile,
  One day into a wood,
Despite their fears, he took the dears,
  And told them to be good.
    He left them seated on a gateway,
    And took his own departure straightway.

Though much afraid the children stayed
  From three till nearly eight;
At times they slept, at times they wept,
  But never left the gate:
    Until the swift suspicion crossed them
    That Uncle Benjamin had lost them!

Then, quite unnerved, young Paul observed:
  "'Tis like a dreadful dream;
And Uncle Ben has fallen ten
  Per cent. in my esteem.
    Not only did he first usurp us,
    But now he's left us here on purpose."

For countless years their childish fears
  Have made the reader pale,
For countless years the public's tears
  Have started at the tale,
    For countless years much detestation
    Has been expressed for their relation.

So draw a veil across the dale
  Where stood that ghastly gate.
No need to tell! You know full well
  Their most pathetic fate,
    And how with leaves each little dead breast
    Was covered by a Robin Red Breast.

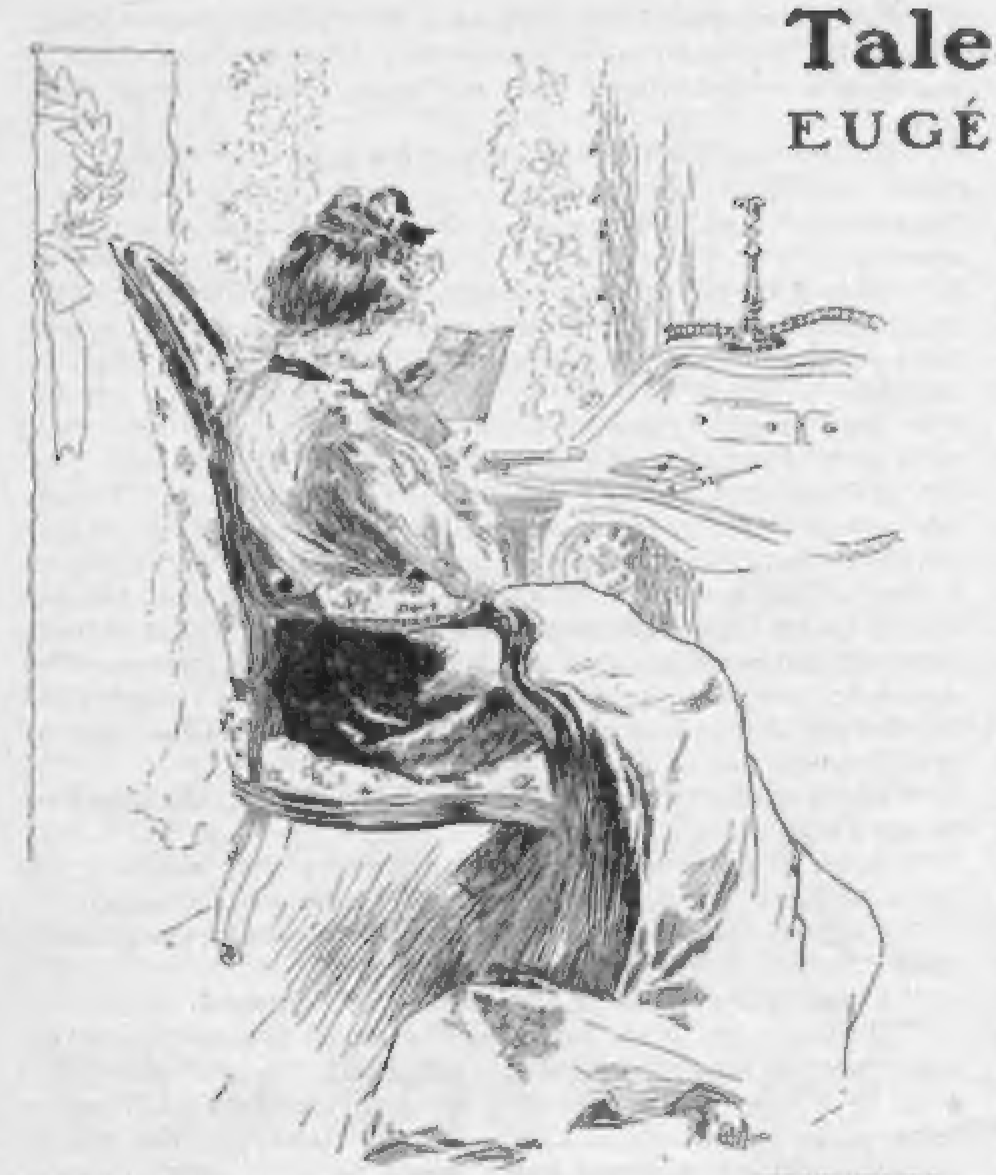
But when they found them on the ground,
  Although their life had ceased,
Quite near to Paul was seen a small
  White paper, neatly creased.
    "*Because of lack of any merit,*
    B. Hyde," it said, "*we disinherit.*"

    The Moral: If you deeply long
    To punish one who's done you wrong,
    Though in your lifetime fail you may,
    Where there's a will there is a way!

Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company

EUGÉNIE TAUBEN, DRAMATIC SOPRANO.

By William Armstrong



To-day, in the wintry sunshine, the silvery leaves, touched by the miracle of the letter she held in her hand, seemed to grow fresh and green again

NEARLY half the little salon was taken up by the grand piano. Above it, and along one side of the apartment, hung laurel wreaths tied with ribbons printed in letters of gold or black setting forth the date of the performance and her name, Madame Eugénie Tauben. The ribbons, overlapping a background of dried, silvery leaves, were bright in the sunshine, though the latest of the dates was a decade ago. Since that time, her farewell to the boards of the Enzisweiler Court Theatre, where for twenty years she had sung as first dramatic soprano, the favorite seat of Madame Tauben had been one facing this wreath-bedecked wall-space. To-day, in the wintry sunshine, the silvery leaves, touched by the miracle of the letter she held in her hand, seemed to grow fresh and green again—so fresh and green, indeed, that when she closed her eyes for an instant she could almost hear the whirr through the air and the soft swish with which they had fallen against the boards. Her memories of the writer, her former colleague, the tenor, Herr Strieger, were one with the earliest among them, and this letter to-day from him had set all the past into motion. He had not heard her sing for thirty years, not since they sang Elsa and Lohengrin together the first year of her life-engagement at the ducal theatre, and he had then regarded her with an admiration independent of the one expressed for her voice. But ambition had won. She married Count Thern the next season. After a brief but episode-yielding experience she was widowed. In the years that had followed, busy ones and full of progress in her art, which had not prevented an insistent loneliness, she had remembered young Strieger oftener than she had read of him, and had allowed herself at such moments to think of him with more than the passing kindness of friendship. To-day was the first direct word she had from him. He had formed the plan of an American Baireuth. He would give Wagner on a scale unequaled even at Baireuth itself. His call came to her like a trumpet sound. "Will you come to America to sing at my Baireuth? I remember your Elsa; none has approached it in all the years since I heard you. Now, with the growth of time and experience you have learned the Brünnhilde and Isolde. Ah, how I long to hear you in that second act, or, better yet, to sing the Tristan in it with you. I shall write to Siegl and Kranz, who are good enough, doubtless, in their way, as the critics are writing so much about them; and as my plans are great I must engage them, for both critics and public in America always want something new. But first of all I write to you."

Siegl! Kranz! The musical war cry! The mainstays of two court operas, and she—has he forgotten? But the next words show that he has not.

"If your voice is not so fresh as it once was, neither is mine. But you have the God-given spark, and that with the routine, the tradition, with your art, and your presence, which I can so well imagine, will more than make amends. I beg you to come. You see I write first to you, and there is in it, if I dare say so to you after these years of silence, a sentiment that makes me long to be associated with your artistic impersonations. I feel that to sing with you again would renew my own youth in art."

There was much besides; great plans, vague as to detail, but to her indicating the greatness of his project sufficiently to make her long to go. One with that desire was the knowledge of his feeling for her.

"I shall not put them into immediate execution," he went on, "these grand plans; but I have written to them all. My name stands for much in Germany, and they will come. I feel that I need you in the final perfecting of things and should be glad to have you sail at once, or as early as you can. I will see that you are compensated to some adequate, though it will seem to me a poor, extent, for your artistic aid in the undertaking. I feel that this is the crowning point in my career, and I feel that you will consent to share it with me, for that (dare I say it to you and risk the loss of your artistic companionship?) would mean more to me than all the rest."

Half an hour later she descended the three flights of stairs to the street, appearing a noble figure in a gown of black velvet that she wore when summoned, now on rare occasions, to sing before His Grace at the palace. Her little maid had called a fiacre. She entered it alone and drove to the artists' entrance to the opera. Three times a week during the long season Madame Tauben was in her place listening to her successors in the rôles that were for so many years associated with her name. But this was the first time since she left the theatre as a singer that she had crossed the stage entrance. Until to-day her courage had not proved equal to it, but to-day seemed different from all other days. She was on the threshold of a life that held more than merely a past, and that might hold a compensation of which her art alone had never seemed the completeness.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that she recognized that things had remained unchanged in the ten years of her retirement. Johann, the servant, recognizing her, yet half asleep, as she so well remembered him as being at this hour in the afternoon, grew suddenly awake when she addressed him. In a moment the Herr Intendant, hearing her voice, had joined them.

"I came to you to see whether I still can sing," she began, her voice a little tremulous, in part from the strain of a moment bringing so many recollections and in part from the import of her mission.

"My dear, my dear," he cried, "how can you ask it? Only last month at the palace His Grace——"

"Yes, I know. It was kind of him. I did sing well that morning. But it is about singing before people who are more difficult to please that I came to ask you. I want to go to America." The final words were uttered in a tone that inferred the awe with which the undertaking impressed her.

"To America? My dear, my dear! But think of His Grace! Your life contract!"

"You forget, I am pensioned now. At the worst I risk only that. My contract is ended."

Yesterday she would have said, "My career is ended." To-day it was different.

"This is so unlike you," he began, "so—what shall I say? So thoughtless."

"No more thoughtless than leaving my English pupils, those good ladies who will study German songs and will call Ich, Ish." Her lightness of manner went farther yet to upset him, though he still kept his theme. "America is so far," he echoed with weakened remonstrance.

"I did not come to ask you about the distance," she answered, smiling into his face, "but to ask you to hear me sing again." Then with sudden earnestness and putting her hand on his arm: "To ask you to tell me frankly, candidly, whether I can risk it to go. Do not hesitate. I will act just as you say. But I hope, I hope that my voice will allow it."

"Is it concert or opera?" he asked quickly, professional interest thrusting out other emotions.

"Opera," she answered; "great Wagnerian performances: Isolde, the Brünnhilde. You know I have had such a long rest. I feel so strong and well. Only yesterday I walked the three miles to the churchyard to put a wreath on poor Grünwald's grave. What a Hans-Sachs he was."

"Eugénie, you were always a dear child in remembering your elders. But tell me, who directs this great plan? I should have read of it."

"Herr Strieger, the tenor; surely you remember him."

"Remember him? Yes, and with more pleasure than many of them since. He could sing. His Grace gave him a snuff-box with brilliants set in the lid, and his public was charming. So he is an intendant himself now, and in America. I tell you, Eugénie, Enzisweiler may be a small place, but its stamp of approval goes the world over."

Herr Strumpke, the accompanist, was summoned to his post and even reached it before Madame Tauben finished vaguely the outline of Herr Strieger's projected undertaking.

To both intendant and accompanist she was a familiar figure, dear as a tradition of all the dramatic soprano should be, held up as example daily by both of them, and now after a decade come back to pass the test of their opinion like any young aspirant. They could scarcely believe it until the past, the beautiful, well-remembered past, came back to them both as, standing there, she gave the opening phrases of Isolde's Liebestod. As she sang, only once did the Herr Intendant change his position, and it was to put his hand before his face to hide the tears following each other from his eyes. As for Strumpke, he had accompanied for so many decades that he no longer needed to see anything beyond the title of what was expected of him. When she was done she looked from one to the other in wistful anxiety, her heart stirred by the music and by the sudden knowledge of her friends' agitation.

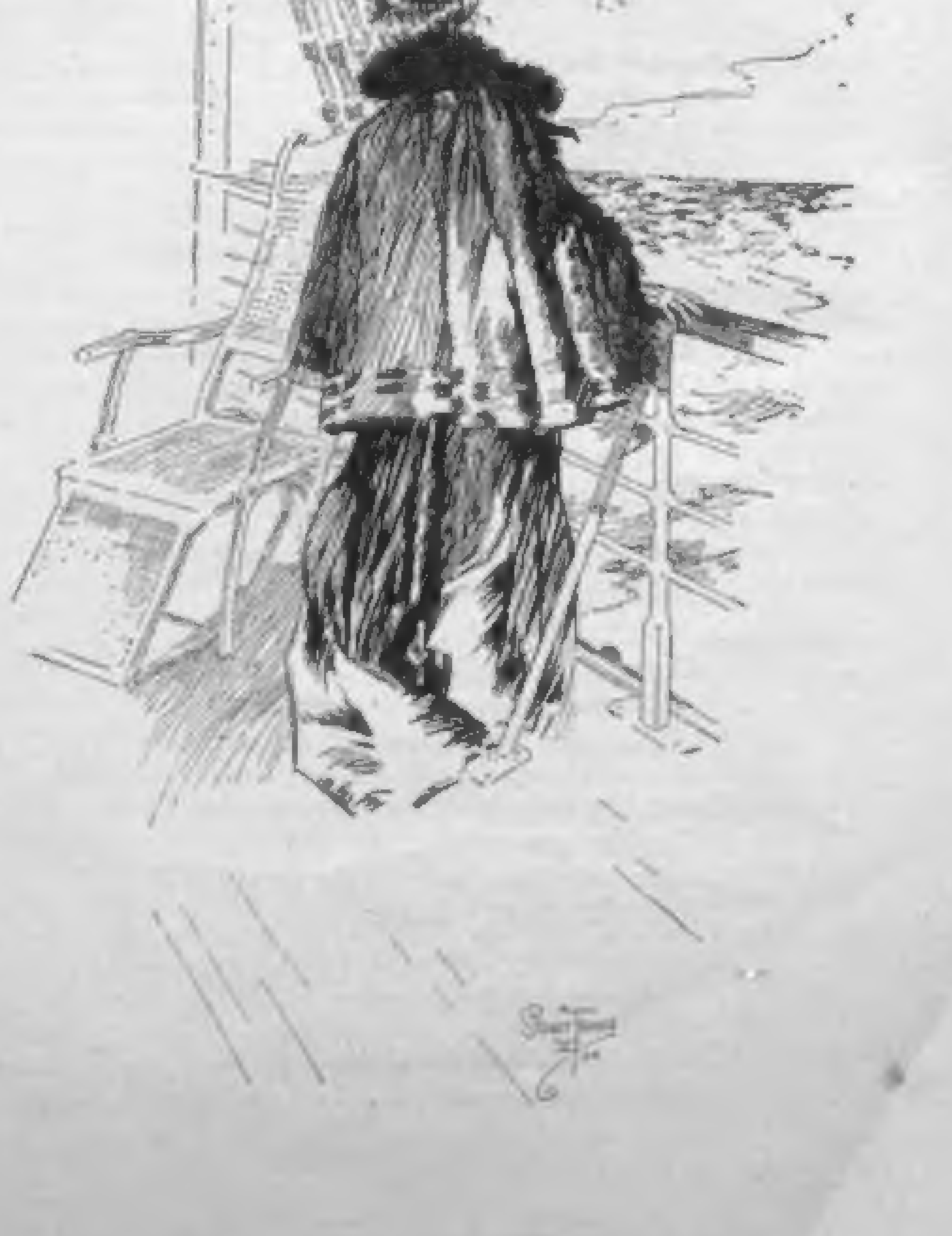
"Eugénie, Eugénie, we need you here—do not go to America—you left us too soon—I begged you not to go then, but you would—you said you wanted to go in your zenith—you should have waited—to me you are only that now. Your traditions, your art—my child, none of them, none of them can approach you."

He seemed quite unnerved, and Strumpke, always so placid, even when people were quite off the key, appeared strangely stirred. To both of them the beautiful past, youth, enthusiasm, and memories on memories had crowded into the room with the sound of her voice, so intimately and so dearly associated with them all. Their emotion affected her only with a sense of triumph. She felt herself about to begin life afresh after having set it aside. She was going out to conquer when she had for ten years given up her art only because she loved it too well to risk wounding herself through treating it ill. Of that art itself she had felt sure and now surer than ever, for the years must be long that lead up to such equipment as hers. It was of the voice that she had been uncertain. And now they had given her the answer. She had seen it herself in their faces. She left them smiling and triumphant, and from that moment scarcely realized the routine of preparation for a journey in itself so unusual to the quiet of her life. She had her eyes always fixed on the future, with which the past, in memories of Herr Strieger, seemed strangely commingled. Her little collection of keepsakes and tokens she divided among her friends, and of these she had many. But the wreaths she sent to the opera to the Herr Intendant. Those she could not give up. When she came back she would get them again. And if she should not come back he would see that nothing happened to them while he lived. After that, the tradition of the Enzisweiler opera would, she felt, hold them sacred.

Her good-byes were not said without tears, and arguments were confronted, but through it all that strange elation and the thought of Herr Strieger supported her. His letter she carried always with her under the folds that crossed the bosom of her gown. The pressure of her fingers against it seemed to give her an inspiration in answering the arguments of those friends who would dissuade her from going. Even His Grace was impressed by the change in her manner and the gentleness that tempered her usual command of bearing. He made a little speech to her when he gave her an audience, telling her that the pension was hers when she chose to come back to it, and that if she brought some one else to share it she would not be the first prima donna who had played that rôle. Then he pinned a ducal decoration on her gown, the Order of the Pink Eagle, third class. Even this failed to disturb the one absorbing thought of America as she dropped it into her meagrely filled jewel-case, the last thing in packing.

The voyage was unusually rough, but to Madame Tauben it seemed in one sense none too short, for she had reached that experience when the greater the anticipation the more hesitatingly is it relinquished for fulfillment, which may hold so much less. Her thoughts, always in that past or in the future with which his letter immediately linked it, were divided between him and his great undertaking. For her to share his art as well as his life would be to share doubly. No triumph in her past had given her so much to dwell upon as this prospect she shared with him.

Coming up the bay to New York the rain turned into sleet, lashed by a raw, penetrating wind, and she only ventured on deck when the ship slipped into its moorings. The rush in landing was hastened more than usual and of the scant passenger list she was soon the only one remaining. She



On Saturday of that week . . . .
. . . . she sailed for Enzisweiler

Editor's Note—This is the second of the Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company. The first, The Romance of a Baritone, appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 24.

eagerly scanned the last expectant face turned upward from the pier and again cross-questioned the steward, whom she had feed to keep watch for her, but no one corresponding to her vague description of Herr Strieger was seen. Her tremulous anticipation and half dread of a meeting that would show so many changes to both were lost in the emotion of uncertainty and terror that assailed her. She had written to him a full account of her plans, and the date of sailing. The time had been too short for a reply. If her letter had not miscarried he was ill, or perhaps called suddenly away by some issue of his Baireuth arrangements. All the short continental journeys in her life had been such shielded ones that, aside from the keen bitterness of the disappointment, was the prospect, even worse, of a search in a great city in a strange land, and with but a few words of the language caught at random.

The German steward who had aided in her disappointed search saw her things through the customs and helped her, trembling with apprehension and anxiety, into a cab. When she reached the number in East Eighteenth Street from which his letter was directed she could scarcely mount the stairs for shaking of the limbs, anticipation, uncertainty, everything, thrusting forward in this final moment after years of change and separation.

"He is ill," said the German woman who met her. "I am glad one of his friends has come," she said simply, as Madame Tauben uncertainly took a seat. "Poor man, he is very bad. He is not always right in his head. He had great dreams, always writing, writing, until his table and the floor were full of papers. And always wonderful things were to come of them. This week as it grew toward time for the German steamer he got worse, more feverish, more incoherent. He said some one, an old friend, was coming, and that when she got here everything would come right. I thought it part of his wanderings, but I am glad it was not. You are the friend, madame?"

"Yes, I am the one," she answered, trembling very much as she arose. Steadying herself against the table she stood, with her black draperies falling about her, as she stood in the Liebestod in Isolde. But she would not go to him at once, neither would she allow herself the luxury of emotion. In those moments her long stage training stood her in good stead. Moving briskly about the little room, where some of her boxes had been placed, she selected the most youthful appearing of her gowns. Then, seating herself before the mirror, she applied, one after the other, those palpable little weapons against age which women so warrantably, but oftener so hopelessly, employ

He was lying with his face toward the wall when she entered. When he heard his name softly called he turned uncertainly and, resting on one arm, half raised himself, looking searchingly into her face. Then he dropped back on the pillows, closing his eyes. His hair had turned a yellow white. Deep furrows, showing privation as well as age, crossed his forehead and ran downward from the corners of his nose. Across his cheeks was a network of multitudinous wrinkles. The hand on the coverlet was withered as well as emaciated

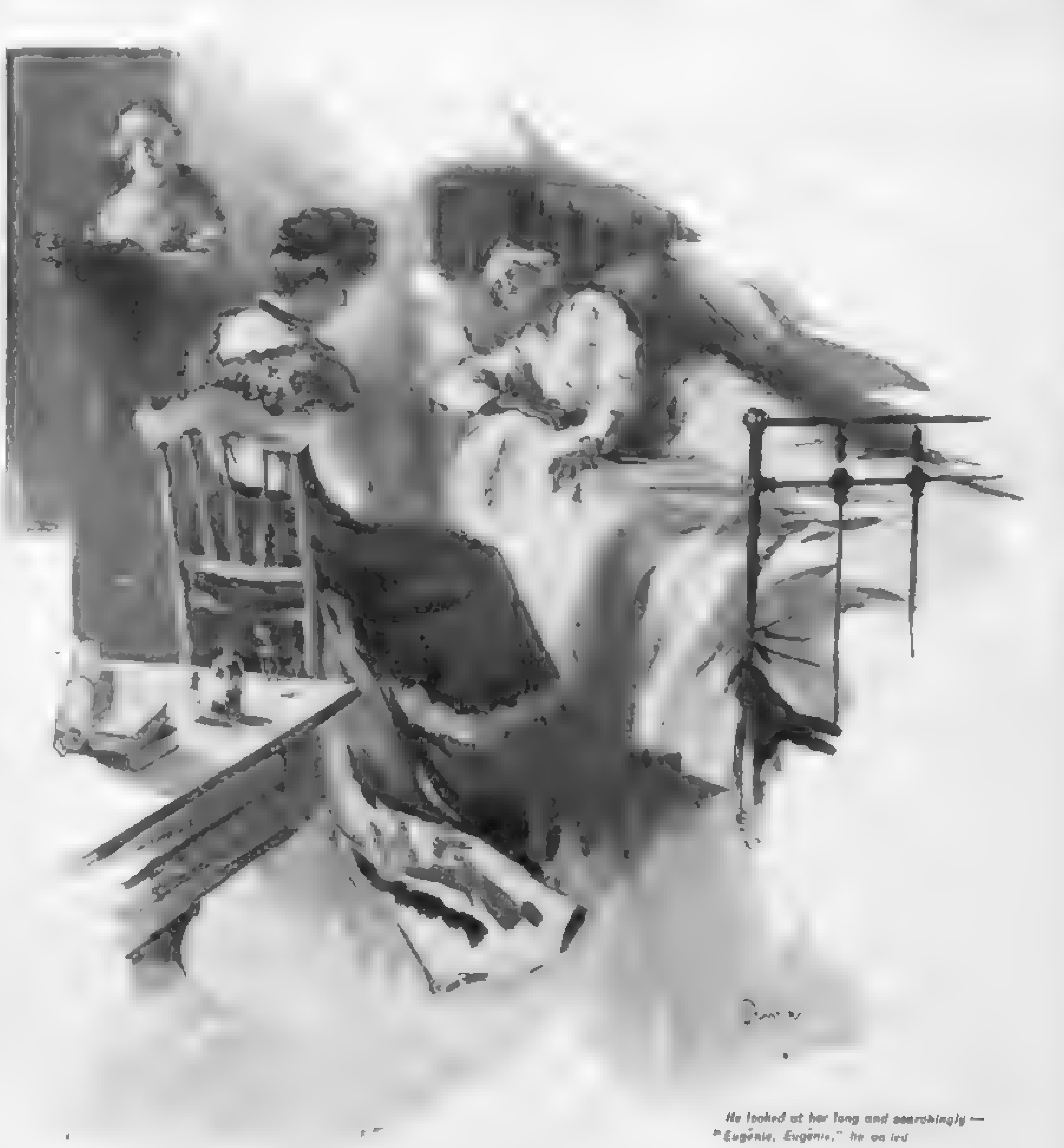
Could she wonder that he failed to recognize her? Would she have known him had not Fate managed this moment with such harrowing certainty? A hundred emotions sprang up in her heart, but regret was not one of them. Sitting down by the bed she remained silent. For a long time her thoughts made too much of a tumult for her again to attempt speech.

Toward dusk he opened his eyes and again arose on his arm; this time he looked at her long and searchingly, as she sat there, quite still, her hands clasped in her lap, and without courage to look up

"Eugénie, Eugénie!" he called.

She put out her hands and he caught them. For the first time through it all the tears rained from her eyes. After that he always knew her, but his mind constantly wavered.

Finding that any allusion he made to his Baireuth plans led up to excitement which left him utterly exhausted, she tried to avoid it by talking always of the past until, after a few days, he began to live in it instead of the present. When she left him for a little she would tax her memory for every small happening of the Enzisweiler days of thirty years before, and go back with some fresh item to hold his interest.



He looked at her long and searchingly — "Eugénie, Eugénie," he called

Once, when she mentioned the snuff box set with brilliants that the Duke had given him, his mind suddenly returned to the present.

"It reminded me always of you," he exclaimed, "and I kept it and kept it, when I was hungry, but when I had all those letters to write about the Baireuth — so many, so many, I never got through — I had to sell it." It was hours before he fell asleep from exhaustion.

At the end of a week of this she was called upon to face the fact that his means were gone, and had been for some time, and that the small sum which she had brought with her was very much smaller after she had paid his arrears of indebtedness and their board for the week in advance to the lodging-house mistress. All afternoon she sat by his bedside and thought.

The next morning, while he slept, she started out, wearing the velvet gown, her fur paletot of a cut of twelve years before, and a grand air that made the little German woman of the house who accompanied her instinctively drop a courtesy

Their destination was the opera. There, after a long wait which followed the delivery of the card bearing the words, "Mme. Eugénie Tauben, Chamber Singer to His Grace the Duke of Enzisweiler," she was shown to the manager's office. He was busy and in a hurry to leave to keep an engagement from which he had already been detained. With her artistic susceptibility to surroundings the air of the place chilled her faculties as she entered. Its counting-room prosperity and financial distinction were a wide way from the dust-covered ideality of Enzisweiler.

He held the card and motioned her to a seat without rising, gazing indifferently at her and with no sign of recognition of her place in the art world which she had gained through twenty years of service at the Enzisweiler opera. He did recall in a vague way, presently, of reading of her performances as "guest" at other continental opera houses a long time ago — quite a long time ago, in fact. But would she excuse him and state her desires as briefly as possible? She would have to excuse his haste, but he had many calls upon his time and was now overdue at an important meeting. After this, so widely different from the receptions to which her career had accustomed her, the sound of her own voice seemed strange when she said

"I would like an engagement at the opera"

There was only the suspicion of a smile in his face, but her quick eyes caught it.

"I will sing that you may see what I can do," was her answer with a simple dignity.

He finally agreed to listen, though not with very good grace, and, as she sang, sat absently twirling her card and looking out of the window. She had chosen the Liebestod, but it sounded oddly different, even to her, from the day she had sung it to the Herr Intendant and Strumpke the accompanist at the Enzisweiler opera, the day on which she had gone to ask whether she still could sing. When she was only a little way in it he stopped her with more than a suspicion of impatience in his tone

"Really, I must ask you to excuse me. I am already very late. It would be impossible to offer you an engagement My artists are already under contract for the season. There is absolutely nothing, unless" — and looking at her, his curt, business directness wavered — "unless ——"

"Unless what?" she asked with an eagerness hard to suppress with so much at stake

"Unless you take a place in the chorus" The anxiety in her tone had proved his suspicions

Her face grew suddenly scarlet, then very white.

"I will take it," she answered.

The rest of the arrangement was made with a secretary The manager had left with the words of her answer. The whole proceeding had been to him an uncomfortable one

It did not take long for her to learn what was expected of her, and the hour that she was to report, and that her salary was to be fifteen dollars a week.

When she had almost reached Broadway to take the car she suddenly caught at her companion's arm, but presently steadied herself and walked on erect. Her heavy veil was down, and the German woman with her did not see her face.

Three days later, when Herr Strieger was told that she must sing that night at the opera, he took it as a natural thing. On her return he was still awake and questioned her eagerly on her success

As she sat at the side of his bed, trying to choke down the crusts of the sandwich that had been put by because she had left supperless for her first night's ordeal, she conjured up recollections of the old Enzisweiler days, knowing how happy they made him. The Duke, the audience, how things looked, what numbers were encored, how His Grace had sent for her to come to the ducal box after the Patria Mia, and what fine voice she was in, were detailed and elaborated upon to suit his pleased questionings.

When the second and third successive night of absence came he grew suspicious, and wanted to know how it was that she must go every night. It was like America: sometimes he had sung there every night; but it was not like Enzisweiler.

"But this is America! You are singing before your engagement at our Baireuth!" he exclaimed with growing excitement This time he was difficult to calm, and she had at last to leave him in the German woman's charge and hurry to her post. After this he never complained of her enforced absences, but seemed, instead, eager for her to go that she might have some new stories of her triumphs to detail to him on her return.

At the end of her second week in the chorus, when she came home, the German doctor, who called sometimes to see Herr Strieger, opened the door. "He was not so well," he said; "but he needs no medicine, only — you"

The next day, which was Sunday, and her free day to be with him, he was much stronger, and when she had propped him up with pillows he began to sing the Lohengrin music in the beginning of the first act. She caught up the duet and followed his worn voice softly, until, in the middle of a phrase, he said chokingly: "On open scene — my voice — my ——" And his white head fell over against her breast. It was ended

Some newspaper people came to the house and to them one and all the German woman told of the glories of Madame Tauben and of her devotion to Herr Strieger. Then all the town knew of it. Many came to East Eighteenth Street, some through sympathy, others through motives equally human. The German Consul himself called

Clad in her black velvet gown, very quiet and with a grand air of dignity, Madame Tauben received them. Her manner prevented them from mentioning the funeral beyond accepting her invitation to be present

A day later, after a long call from a fair-haired, corpulent gentleman, who left her presence with a flushed face and moist eyes, she agreed with great dignity to accept a benefit concert offered her by certain singing societies

On Saturday of that week succeeding it she sailed for Enzisweiler. When she was settled she sent at once to the opera for her wreaths. These she hung along one side of the salon, and in the midst of them placed a faded photograph of Herr Strieger as Lohengrin.

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POST

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 1[illegible] years, except for the short period when Pennsylvania was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was [illegible] published by Benjamin Franklin, [illegible] was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 189[illegible] by The Curtis Publishing Company.

A Century of Law-Making

ON JANUARY 31, 1801, President Adams appointed John Marshall of Virginia Chief Justice of the Supreme Court [illegible] Continental Army.

When Chief Justice Marshall began his work the constitutional law in this country was unsettled and uncertain. By his genius, his diligence, his patience and his labors, extending over thirty-four years, and filling thirty-two volumes of reports, he formed and fixed the law of the nation. All that great work is history and his name is immortal.

In the eulogies that have been uttered and that will be [illegible] amid the conflict, Marshall [illegible]-sense. On the one side [illegible]

[illegible]

Of course it would not do to blame all this on the abundance and the quality of the average modern lawyer, for every citizen who is elected to office fancies that he is just as much an authority for a new law as anybody who has been brought up in the profession. But it is unquestionably the case that when we multiply lawyers we multiply laws, and under the conditions of admission to the bar, in most States of the Union, it is almost as easy to be a lawyer nowadays as it is to learn how to run a trolley car. In fact, in some States it is much easier. For instance, in one of them all the candidate has to do is to swear that he is a man of good moral character. When a man becomes a motorman he not only has to prove a character, but to put up a deposit of fifty dollars to protect it.

But the lawyers themselves are taking this in hand and are doing what they can to raise the standards of legal education. And after all is said and done the good lawyers of the day are undoubtedly an improvement in morals and practices even over the good lawyers of the first part of the century.

But the making of these insignificant laws will go steadily on — that is certain — and local interests will sometimes put a higher value upon a statute to prevent cattle from running at large than upon a great national policy to keep our foreign friends from violating the Monroe Doctrine. Of course, keeping all the laws is another thing, but, anyhow, we have the consolation of knowing that if we want to be entirely law-abiding we have more laws to abide by than any other modern nation.

A law against law-making might be bad for the lawyers, but the patient public would not rebel.

The Wings of Wealth

BISHOP POTTER'S recent address on the lust for riches and the ways of some of the wealthy has been so widely published as to set all Americans to contemplating anew the money-laden class that any man suspects and criticises — until he chances to become a member of it. The contemplation will do no harm in the long run, but, contrariwise, much good, for it is impossible not to see much in wealth besides a tendency to luxury and ostentation.

A list of the rich men of any city, country or state will show that many of the wealthy, even a majority, live plainly, [illegible] more self-indulgent than some of their neighbors who live [illegible] from hand to mouth that frequently the [illegible] Dealers in champagne and terrapin, diamonds, fine yachts and fast horses would tumble into the pit of insolvency were [illegible]

[illegible] a cheap [illegible] in Chicago, and many monetary meteors to whose names "Lucky" was prefixed a few years ago would exchange all their luck that remains for a permanent assurance against the wolf at the door.

To "hitch your wagon to a star" may be as laudable in finance as in any other business, but the higher and more rapid the star the more disastrous the drop when anything chances to break, as things often do when a ton or more of gold is straining at them, and when there is no better mending material at hand than several pounds of overused gray matter in an overconfident head.

It is to be hoped that wealth, as all of us yearn to make it our own, will in time find a way in which to work out its own salvation; meanwhile we must admit that in past days it has done the other thing with a persistency that is full of warning.

The golden ages of the world are so called for their culture, art and literature — not for their vast accumulations of wealth.

A School for Consuls

FOR many years it has been the pleasing custom of globe-trotting Americans on their return from foreign [illegible]

[illegible] would make everything right in a moment. Contemplating in advance the humiliation and dismay of the gendarme, when the consul should, with a wave of his arm, point to the Stars and Stripes and in their name demand instant satisfaction for the traveler, that hapless man has bounded up the stairs in the consular office, only to learn that the consul was making a tour of the glass-bottle factories gathering data for his report, and that the vice-consul looked with a cold suspicion amounting to indifference upon all Americans whose drafts failed to arrive on time.

This sort of thing is, of course, calculated to arouse all the just indignation of the freeborn American citizen and to move him to those sarcastic inquiries concerning the possible object of maintaining consuls, which are part of the interview every returned tourist grants to the newspapers. But it remained for a Chicagoan to suggest a remedy for the existing evil, which, in his opinion, would make life in foreign countries one long, purple holiday for tourists from "the States." His remedy is a school for consuls, conducted by the Government on the lines of the army and navy academies at West Point and Annapolis.

With such an institution graduating a class of consuls every year we should soon be obliged to export them to avoid the dangers of overproduction. The curriculum would be most easily arranged. A thorough course in the gentle art of "doing" Europe and the Europeans on $300 would be indispensable, that the consul, on his appointment, could exude wisdom, hints, tips and suggestions along these lines to the American abroad. The passion of the great American public for free or "half-rate" railroad transportation, which receives such rude jolts in foreign lands, should be taken into consideration, and the graduates of the academy should be past-masters in the art of getting something for nothing.

Then could the American citizen, armed with his passport, and possibly his naturalization papers, boldly venture across seas without fear of serving four years in the German Army or six months in a French jail before his return. As it is, the United States consuls, so far from feeling interest or sympathy in the troubles of their unfortunate compatriots in Europe, exhibit a wild enthusiasm concerning wool, steel rails, sugar, glassware and other things of a low, commercial nature.

The American flag abroad is a beautiful sight. Sometimes the American representative abroad is also a sight.

Freemen for the Slave Coast.

A NEW Century's promise comes for Africa: not from South Africa, indeed, where civilization has been waging so fierce a war, but from that once unhappy part of the Dark Continent known by one of the solemn names of history.

For the Slave Coast a party of four young colored men recently started, and they will reach their destination and begin their work practically with the opening of the new century.

They have not gone as missionaries; they have not gone as the organizers of some Utopian form of government; they have not gone as hunters or explorers.

With ten bushels of cotton seed, with a cotton gin and with a variety of agricultural implements, they have gone as Twentieth Century advance agents of a new African prosperity.

The scheme is not heralded as being one for the advantage of the colored race, although any one can see what great possibilities lie in it along that line. It is merely announced without any undue display of confidence, that the venture is being made in order to open a new field for cotton-growing.

Oddly enough, it is through enterprising Germans and not philanthropic or enterprising Americans or English that the experiment is to be carried out. It is for the little colony of Togoland that the party are bound. The colony has a sea-coast line of only thirty-five miles, and its total area is only some sixteen thousand square miles. Roads to the best portion of the Soudan lead from it, and long caravans swing back and forth across the miles of wilderness. Much of Togoland is covered with tropical forest — with huge oil palms, with caoutchouc trees, with many strange and beautiful growths. Palm oil and ivory are staples of trade, and so simple are the community's habits that as yet much of the trade is carried on by barter. The population consists of some 500,000 people, mostly natives.

The four young colored men are from Professor Booker T. Washington's widely known school at Tuskegee, Alabama. One, the leader, has been the manager of the Tuskegee school farm for several years, and goes to Africa with a valuable fund of practical knowledge.

There is something deeply affecting, something of deep promise as well, in this movement. These brave young men may develop such an opportunity for their race that a new land of promise — a land of definite and practical promise — may open. There are many thousands in our Southern States who feel, rightly or wrongly, that they are unwelcome there; they are being disfranchised as citizens; they see little ahead of them in material prospect. Should the new venture in Africa prove successful, those who are unhappy here may return to the lands of their fathers and labor in cotton fields, but in an atmosphere of untrammeled freedom.

Should the venture prove [illegible]

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

HON GEORGE L. SHOUP

MR. CYRUS E. DALLIN

HON LESLIE M SHAW

A Bandman not Hired

One of the men who contributed materially to the success of the Republican party at the polls this year was Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa. Governor Shaw spent more than eight weeks speaking in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Iowa, and to his success as a speaker is credited in no small degree the increased Republican pluralities in these States

Governor Shaw is serving the first year of his second term as chief executive of Iowa. By virtue of the amendment to the State Constitution adopted at the recent election, providing for biennial elections, Governor Shaw will have an additional year of service, making his term expire in January, 1903.

Iowa's Governor was prominently mentioned for the Senatorship from that State when a vacancy was occasioned by the death of the junior Senator, John Henry Gear, but whatever ambitions the Governor may have had in that direction he put to one side, and urged the election of Mr. Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, who had served the State in Congress for the past ten years, and who seemed to deserve the Senatorship

A year ago, when there were rumors concerning the resignation of Secretary Lyman J. Gage from President McKinley's Cabinet, the name of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, was coupled with the contingent vacancy

Mr. Shaw is a self made man. Thirty-one years ago, when twenty-one years of age, he left the Vermont farm of his father and went to Iowa, determined never again to see his native State until he had won some measure of success Seven years later he was practicing law in Denison. A score of years after he was joint proprietor and president of two banks and interested in a loaning business, the record of which was but one foreclosed mortgage.

The Governor's entrance into politics was brilliant. His name was brought forward three weeks before the convention, and he was nominated on the fourth ballot over a field of ten candidates

There is one story which the Governor takes delight in telling when called upon to speak to young people, for it is indicative of the policy which has characterized his success in life

While in the banking business he had occasion to hire an assistant bookkeeper. A business man in an adjoining town recommended a young man, and wrote a strong personal letter in his behalf. But below the signature was the following:

"P. S. He plays in the band."

The young man did not get the position.

A few days later, when the future Governor met his friend, he said: "Why did you write that postscript? What did you mean by it?"

"I was afraid you'd hire him," was the reply.

"You can do but one thing at a time," concludes the Governor, in telling the story. "The man who has time to play in the band hasn't time to be a first-class bookkeeper in a bank."

A Novelist Who Lives High

One of the first objects seen by travelers approaching New York is the tower of the Madison Square Garden. Few people even in the metropolis know that up in this high place there are regular apartments for living. They are occupied by artists, writers and architects who delight in the comfort and quiet of their high altitude.

Among the residents of the tower is Mr. Duffield Osborne, the novelist and poet, who has lived in his present high-altitude rooms ever since he returned from Europe five years ago

Mr Osborne was born in Brooklyn, and is a graduate of Columbia College and a member of the bar. He has written three novels, edited an edition of Livy, annotated Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, and has also written numerous short stories and essays for current publications.

Mr Osborne's apartments are headquarters for many of the writers and artists of the city, among whom he is popular, and his bon mots are frequently quoted. For instance: "The aim of modern culture seems to be to enable little people with little study to talk knowingly on big subjects Osborne and a friend, who has a very serious appreciation of his own work, were dining recently, and the friend solemnly asked: "When I am dead will you publish my literary remains?"

"Why not publish them yourself?" was Osborne's reply.

Artist Dallin's Tale of Rosa Bonheur

A recent bid of the Austrian Government for Mr. Cyrus E Dallin's bronze equestrian statue, The Medicine Man, furnishes a remarkable precedent. This is the first time that any foreign Government has made an offer for the work of an American sculptor to be erected in a public place

It is true that French's Washington and Bartlett's Lafayette may both be seen in Paris; but these were gifts of the United States. Philadelphia is fortunate, inasmuch as the statue had been sold, before the Austrian offer was received, to the Fairmount Park Art Association of that city

Mr. Dallin offered to present to Austria a bronze replica, with no charge except for the casting. His offer will probably be accepted and the statue set up in one of the Vienna parks.

Mr. Dallin, born November 22, 1861, at Springville, Utah, near the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains, is the son of an Englishman who came to this country in 1851.

Young Dallin herded cows, cut firewood, gathered berries and shot ducks. In 1879 he worked as cook at one of his father's mines to earn money to go to an academy at Provo

In October, 1879, he sent two clay heads and two drawings to a fair at Salt Lake City, and in the following spring C. H Blanchard, of Silver City, and Jacob Lawrence, of Salt Lake City, paid his expenses to Boston, where he entered the studio of Truman Bartlett. In 1881 he began to study with Sidney Morse, and in 1882 opened a studio of his own

In May, 1888, Dallin's Indian Hunter received a gold medal as the best piece of sculpture at a competitive exhibition, and he went to Paris to study.

He is famous for his studies of Indians. His equestrian statue, The Signal of Peace, received a medal and diploma at the Chicago World's Fair, and was bought by Judge Lambert Tree and given to the city of Chicago. While in Utah, in 1894, Dallin modeled the bronze-gilded angel which surmounts the spire of the Mormon Temple.

The Medicine Man was highly esteemed by French artists, and was given a fine place in the Salon of 1899.

Mr. Dallin is at present teaching in an art school in Boston, and lives in a beautiful house at Arlington Heights.

Mr. Dallin and Miss Rosa Bonheur became excellent friends in Paris, both using Buffalo Bill's Indians and horses for models when the show was there.

"I well remember," says Mr. Dallin, "one of the first occasions on which I saw her. It was at Buffalo Bill's, and a hostler was holding a horse for her.

"When she dismissed the hostler she gave him a franc. On his return to his companions he was asked, 'What did she give you?'

"'She? Why it's a man,' replied the hostler.

"'I'll bet you the franc that it's a woman,' returned one of the other hostlers.

"'Done,' replied the first; and, returning to our group, he asked one of the gentlemen the sex of the painter.

"When he was told, he collapsed. Yet his mistake was not so much to be wondered at, for she wore a long blue blouse over her dress, a soft felt hat and smoked a cigarette.

"Neither shall I ever forget," continued Mr. Dallin, "the day Miss Bonheur gave a valuable ring to Rocky Bear, the chief who had been sitting for her. She asked the interpreter who presented the ring to tell Rocky Bear that the donor wished to thank him in this way for his patience, and to say that the donor's name had a meaning, just as had any Indian's; that Bonheur means Goodheartedness, and that sentiment she wished to convey.

'The Indian's reply deserves to be preserved. He said 'I slip this ring on as a token of friendship. The finger will have to be taken off before the ring.'"

From Scout to Senator

Scout, cavalryman, miner, farmer, stock-raiser, politician—all these vocations in turn have been followed by Mr. George L. Shoup, United States Senator from Idaho. Senator Shoup is a typical product of the strenuous life of the great West, and has had a most interesting career. He was born in a little Pennsylvania town in 1836, and went with his father to Illinois in 1856. In 1859 he went to Colorado, and there his active life-work began. He plunged into mining and business life, and kept at it until interrupted by the Civil War.

He enlisted in a company of scouts, and his energy attracted such attention that he was promptly commissioned a second lieutenant. The scouting led him on long journeys through the mountain country of Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico, in the course of which he had many hairbreadth escapes. He rose rapidly in the service until he was made Colonel of a Colorado cavalry regiment, and in 1864 he secured thirty days' leave of absence from the army to enable him to serve as a member of the Constitutional Convention which was to prepare a constitution for the proposed State of Colorado

His civil duties over, he reentered the army, and vigorously followed campaigning until the close of the war. Since then his advance in wealth and in politics has been rapid. He became engaged in wide enterprises regarding mining and stock-raising, and, removing to Idaho, was several times elected a member of its territorial legislature. He was sent as a delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1880, has been a member of the Republican National Committee for many years, and in 1890 was elected as United States Senator. Previous to this he had served as Governor of Idaho Territory, and was elected as Governor of the new State of Idaho in 1890, but his election as a United States Senator cut short his gubernatorial service. On the expiration of his Senatorial term he was again chosen

He is a fine-looking man, is modest and unassuming in manner, markedly genial, and yet gives the impression of possessing great energy.

Why Jones Left the Stage

When the Honorable John W. Griggs, now Attorney-General of the United States, was elected Governor of New Jersey a few years ago, a new era in the political history of the State was ushered in. His had been a campaign in which young men had come to the front; Mr. Griggs himself was a young man. From that time to the present young men have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the State The Honorable Benjamin F. Jones, Speaker of the House of Assembly in 1900, is one of the youngest men who can be considered a leader in State political matters, and he has come into marked prominence. He recently became Acting Governor, being the youngest man who ever wielded the executive power of the State.

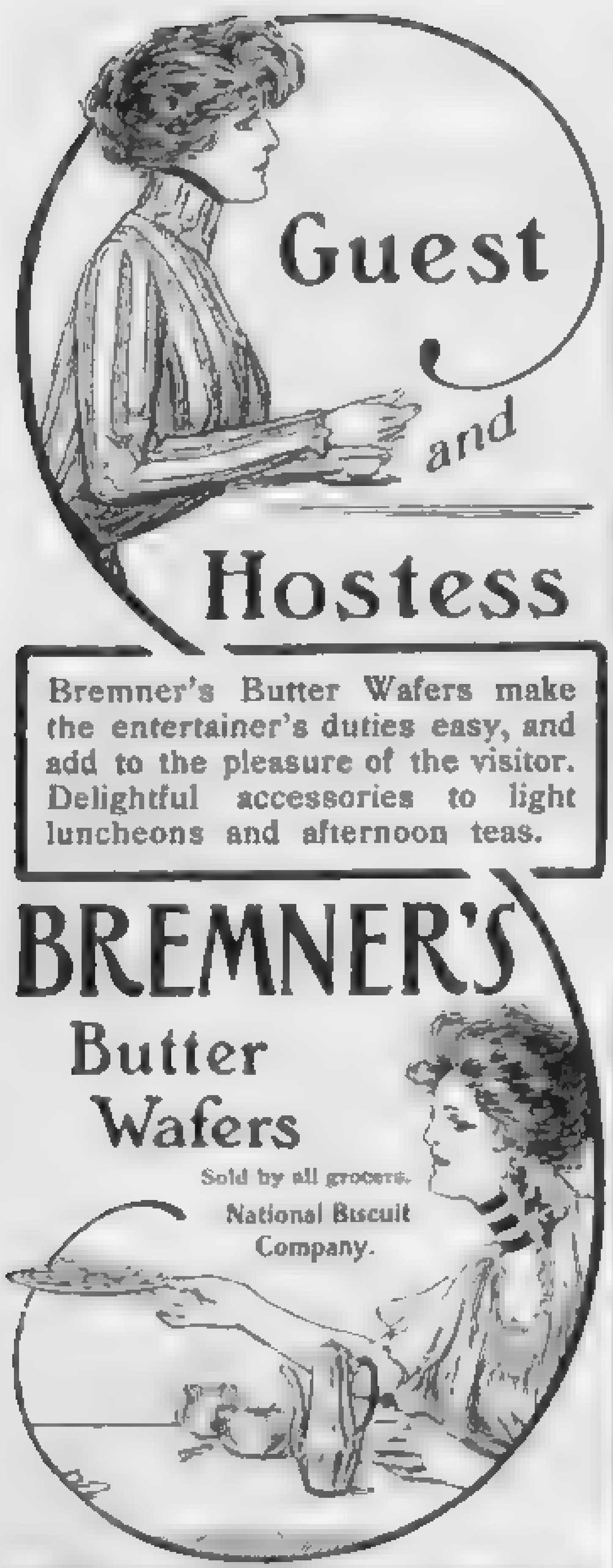
Mr. Jones, in speaking of his early experiences lately, told a story of his youthful ambition to become an actor. Pygmalion and Galatea was the play.

The part assigned to Mr. Jones was that of Chrysos, the wealthiest man in Athens, who comes into the studio of Pygmalion and insists upon buying the statue. As Pygmalion is secretly in love with his creation, he declines, and a bothersome time ensues.

In making up to resemble a fat Athenian, Mr. Jones had resorted to a sawdust stomach, a toga, buskins and all other needful accessories. It was the stomach that played him false. The covering was moth-eaten. A little stream of sawdust began to pour gently through the covering and down to the studio floor, but Mr. Jones, wrapped up in the delineation of his part, did not notice that the accident had occurred

Those in the front rows who could see best howled with delight. Chrysos himself noticed it a moment later. He managed to stop the leakage with one hand, but made a horrible finish of the scene.

Although the play was finished, it was from the sawdust incident a burlesque, and another boyhood dream of fame was rudely dispelled. Afterward Mr. Jones became a lawyer and entered politics.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Americans in Paris

IT WAS half-past six in the morning. The St. Lazare station was uncanny, for the moon was shining broad and full, and the dawn was creeping up. Madame Sarah's carriage drove into the court. Young and smiling she stepped out—a handsome figure of a woman in a long fur coat. Then Coquelin came. There came, too, a host of actors and actresses, journalists and society folk. They cried, "Vive Bernhardt!" and "Vive Coquelin!'

"I'll be home again in six months," said Madame Sarah, throwing kisses to her friends

"But what are you going for?" they asked her sadly

"For a million," said Madame Sarah.

And that was true; for her *tournée* in the United States she is to be paid one million francs and all her expenses. Even for the Queen of the Stage a million is always something. As the crowd of well-wishers cheered and the train pulled out for Havre, I thought of that other queen who sailed for New York on just such a day forty-five years ago Have you forgotten Rachel, the Madame Sarah of her day? She was the darling of the Old World. The Tsar of the Russias vied with Queen Victoria in gifts of diamonds. At the height of her career, when she was thirty-seven years old, she set out to conquer America. To the friends who saw her off she used almost the very words of Madame Sarah —"I'm going to bring back gold enough to make us all rich," she said to her brother But in those days America was more interested in mules with bells and Barnum's trick elephants than in the masterpieces of the Old World stage. And then, Rachel had no modern manager to guarantee her the million. She made no money; indeed she lost what she had. Saddest of all was the fact that no one looked at her. I remember her description of a night in Boston. The theatre was only one-third filled—a cold and dignified little audience. The play was Phèdre. When she came on the stage every one in the audience opened a book. It was the book of the play. Every one in the audience read the lines as she spoke them; every one in the audience turned over at the same moment the page. And this went on until the end of the play.

"Why did they come at all?" Rachel asked tearfully. "They did not look at me once."

She was ill after that. A few months after she got back to France she died, perhaps of a broken heart as her biographers say, perhaps of pique. In any case it was her American tour that killed her. Times have changed since then, as Madame Sarah—the modern Rachel—has already thrice proved.

A "Wake" to be Remembered

The greatest Kermesse is no more. It died November 12, at midnight, while the cannon boomed dolorously from the Eiffel Tower and the rain fell. It was a "wake" to be remembered. In six weeks, or months, there will be left only a few relics of the greatest show the world has yet seen. The Alexander III bridge will remain, of course, and the two art palaces. The smaller one, which belongs to the city, will be made the home of a permanent museum, and the large palace, owned by the state, will be used for the annual exposition of pictures, the horse show and various congresses.

No Wickedness at the Exposition

Fifty million people visited the Exposition of 1900—twice as many as visited that of 1889. The average daily attendance was 250,000; the largest number that entered any one day was 600,000. Of course figures are dull; but they mean something, after all. The Exposition was a success, but not quite such a success as it was expected to be. The reasons are not far to seek. In the first place, the world was rather busy this year—electing Presidents, or drumming up trade for its pet brand of civilization; there were only 400,000 English visitors and not quite so many American. The second reason is a trifle more subtle. Paris has a reputation, not wholly deserved, of being a wicked city. If you were here in 1889 you may remember the Street of Cairo. That was so gay and eccentric and shocking that it was crowded day and night, and a few years later was taken bodily over to Chicago, where it continued its shocking success. People got into the habit of saying, "Oh, these Parisians!" Now when that phrase is pronounced with the proper intonation it is very uncomplimentary indeed. The Parisians got tired of it. They made up their minds that they couldn't compete with the Midway of Chicago, and didn't want to, anyway. It was determined that this should be a moral and instructive show It was; but it was not gay. For the student, for the person of serious intellect, it was admirable. It was a synthesis of all that has been done in art, science, industry, travel and affairs. Nothing could have been better, it was a world's school, rather than a world's fair

Only ——

The people who came expecting to be able to go home and say, "Oh, these Parisians!" were disappointed. There was not a naughty corner in the Exposition

Americans as Prize-Winners

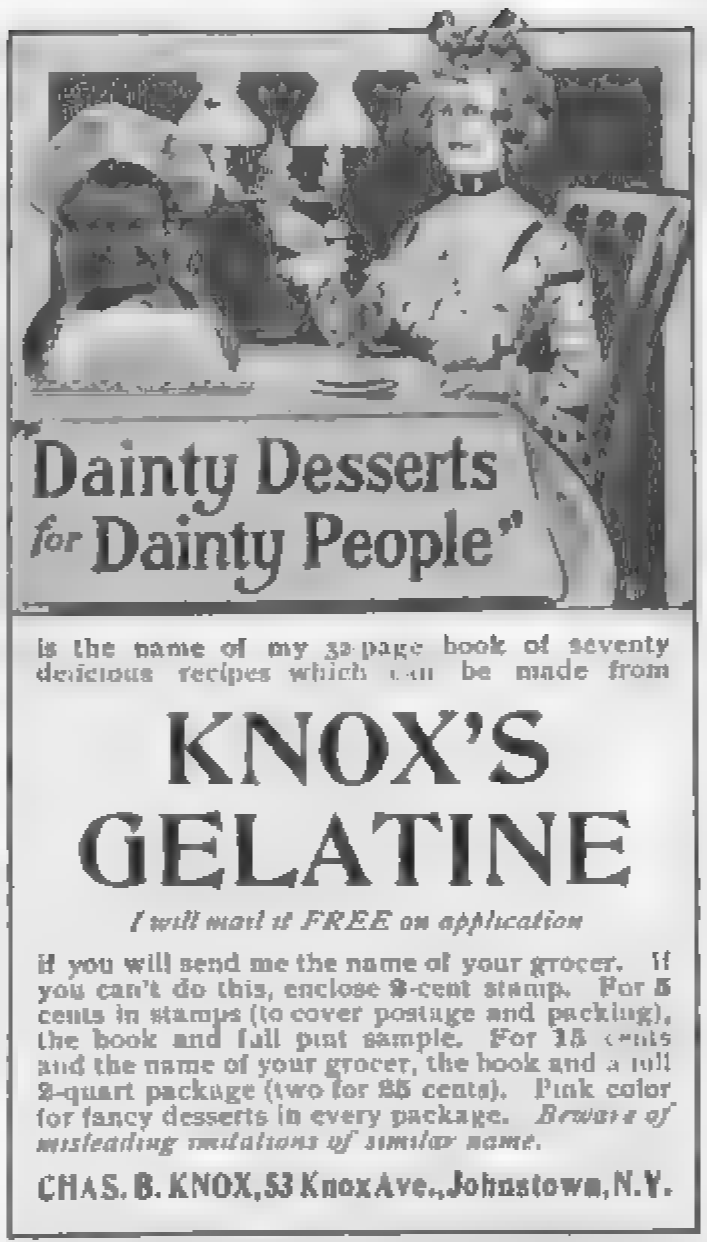
There was one corner of the Exposition—think of its being in the past tense!—that never had quite its fair share of celebrity This was the annex of Vincennes. Now Vincennes is far away from the boulevard, and desolate among its forests. There were exhibitions of model houses for workingmen, exhibitions of railway trains, and, above all, of automobiles and bicycles. So far as automobiles are concerned France got a bit the best of the world. Her "teuf-teufs" (if I may use slang) are still in the lead. The United States, however, gathered in almost all the prizes for "bikes." Judge for yourself; one grand prix, four gold medals, five silver medals, five bronze medals and five honorable mentions. That is a record One Yankee company (The American Bicycle Company) exhibited, but as it is the proprietor of almost all the well-known makes, the prizes were pretty well distributed. Germany came in second and France third. The English wheel has never been very successful on Continental roads. Indeed the American bicycle had to make its way against odds. The chief difficulty was the single-tube tire. The roads of France, perfect as they are, are covered with a fine, but gritty sand that eats into the American tire like etching-fluid. Practically, save in a few places in Paris, it was impossible to get these tires repaired. To change them for French double-tube tires was equivalent to buying new wheels. Of late all the American wheels made for France are fitted with the double-tube tire. The result is that they suit the roads, beat the silicon, and can be kept in order with French methods. Their advantages over the native bicycles are that they are lighter and cheaper. In pictures and bicycles—art and mechanics—America took the honors at Paris this year That should be an answer to all our critics.

The King and Liquefied Air

There were lectures on liquefied air. Chemists from America (where it was first made of practical utility) handed it about the audience in soup-bowls. The American girls, who had thronged there, dipped their handkerchiefs in it, although the chemists told them it was not a souvenir that would last. I watched it all as the others did. In front of me was a very tall man with a long nose and a very long white beard. The lecturer talked at him with such marked respect that the whisper went round he was the King of the Belgians. Think then, oh, my democratic (or republican) brothers! A real king within ten feet of us! My countrywomen buzzed "Ohs!" of awe and admiration. At that moment the chemist exposed another soup-bowl filled with liquefied air Behind us was an energetic little woman, with a New England look, who had tied her handkerchief to her umbrella. She reached far over my shoulder to dip it in the soup-bowl, and, unluckily, poked the King of the Belgians in the ear. He turned round, smiling With a gasp the little woman dropped her umbrella; then she said aloud, "The King smiled at me!" It was the way she said it—with a certain reverential air, as though she had been quoting a verse from the Old Testament—that gave the effect.

"The King smiled at me," she repeated and went away, forgetting the lecturer and the liquefied air, her umbrella, and the handkerchief tied to the end of it. I envied her. Life must be worth living when the sight of a king can give one such a thrill as that. Now, had it been three kings and a pair——

—*Vance Thompson.*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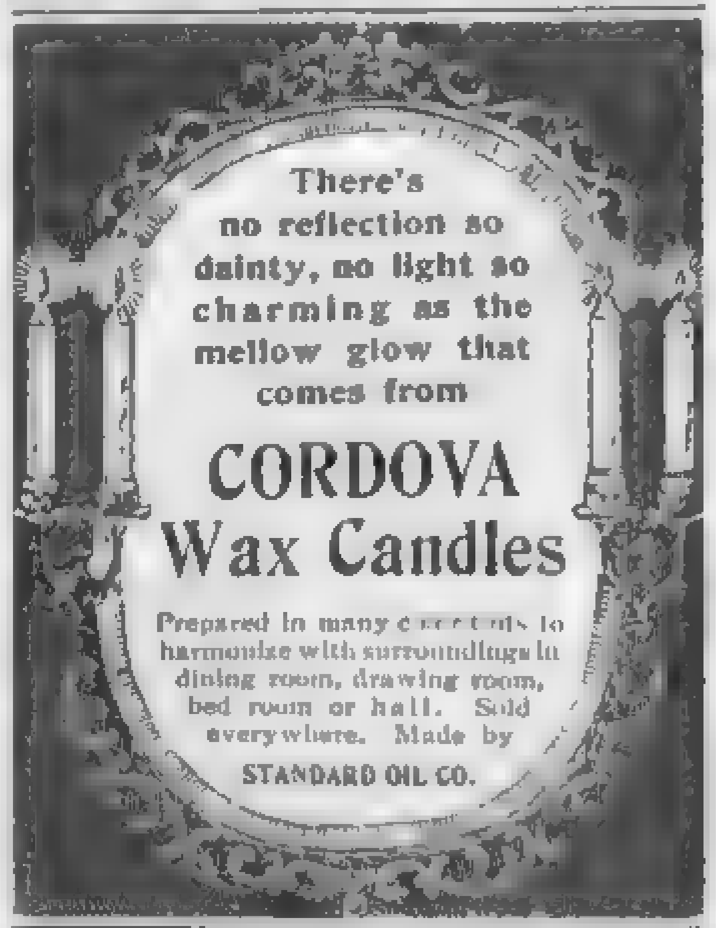
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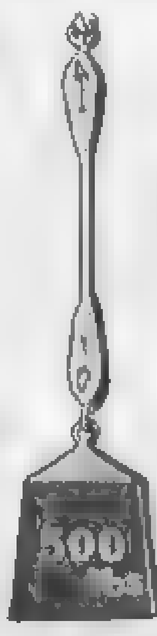

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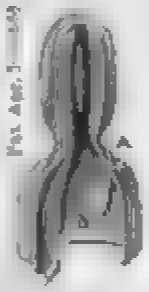
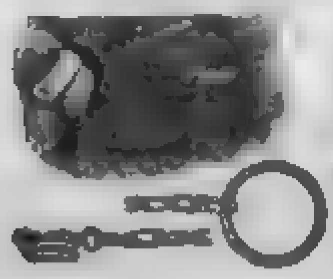


Where's the Key?



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"Publick Occurrences"

The Month of Legislatures

This is the month of the State legislatures. More than thirty of them will begin their sessions between the first and the middle of January. In size they vary from the nine Senators and the twenty-one Representatives in Delaware to New Hampshire's unequaled body of nearly 400 members in both branches.

Our legislatures, like some other American institutions, vary with the States. For instance, New Hampshire has a representative to every 1140 of population, but the ratio in New York is only one member to every 46,700 of population.

Altogether, in the various legislatures in session, between five and ten thousand new lawmakers will be at work. We think of Congress as being a large body, but when we compare the Congressmen with the total of our State Solons we see that they do not number so many after all.

From a Dollar a Day Up

The variety is not confined to the ratio of representation. Each State seems to have its own idea of proper pay, or probably it would be better expressed to say that each legislature gets as much as the people will allow it to have.

Rhode Island pays its legislators only a dollar a day, but California and Nevada pay eight dollars a day.

Maine gives only $150 a year, but New York and Pennsylvania pay $1500 a year.

All the States except Delaware and New Jersey pay mileage to the members, which generally means so much additional for them personally, as most of them travel on passes.

The rates vary as widely in the salaries of the Governors. Oregon and Vermont give their executives only $1500 a year, while New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey pay $10,000

The Meetings of the Solons

In all of the States the legislatures meet every two years, except in Georgia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and South Carolina, where they meet annually. Fifteen of the States have no limit to their legislative sessions. Kansas, Oregon, South Carolina and Wyoming limit their sessions to forty days, and others vary from forty-five to ninety days. It is a rule which has a rare exception that the legislature remains in session as long as it possibly can, and all the really important legislation is usually rushed through in the closing hours.

A few of our legislatures cost as much as some of the large parliaments of Europe. The annual charge upon the taxpayers of all the States in this country for their local legislation is something like a million dollars a week, which of course does not include the cost of Congress.

The Rural Control of Legislatures

During the present century the proportion of people living in cities in America has increased from a few to over thirty out of every hundred of population. In some of the States the city population is larger than the rural population.

According to our theory of government the city, of course, should have a representation in keeping with its population; but it is one of the anomalies of our legislative growth that rural districts have been able to keep control of every legislature in the country. No large city has a representation equal to its population. In many instances the minority is almost ridiculous. There is a constant striving to increase the strength, but the rural members are prompt to resent and defeat such efforts

In State legislation the man from the country or the man from the county town leads.

The City's Careless Ways

Sometimes the cities send good men to the legislatures, but, as a rule, they do not measure up either in character, ability or influence to the rural leaders. It is one of the extraordinary things in our cities that the voters pay little attention to their representatives whether they are sending them to Congress or to the legislature. In the present Congress practically all the leaders and influential men are from country districts, and the same rule holds perhaps to a greater degree in the State legislatures.

Probably because our legislatures are the training schools for our statesmanship the greater proportion of our best men in national life come from the counties and the county towns

Cities Pay the Most Taxes

Although the cities are not being fully represented in any of the legislatures they are in many of the States paying the larger share of taxation. Indeed in certain sections if it were not for the money coming from cities some of the counties would have to go into bankruptcy or schools would be closed and all progress would be stopped

The rural interests have not hesitated, even in purely local licenses that belong to cities, to take a goodly share for the use of the State.

There are two views of this condition:

First is the duty of the richer, which is the city, to support the poorer, which is the country.

The other view is that the city should be on the same basis as the country, and that it should not be made to pay more than its share, especially as its municipal government costs more every year

As things go now the city taxpayer averages in his taxes sometimes twice as much as the country taxpayer

The Country's Aid to the City

In several of the States it has happened that the people of large cities, in a desperate effort to escape from corrupt municipal government, have appealed to the legislature for help, and this help has generally come in the shape of taking the police force away from the city and making it a State institution. Some of the large cities to-day have absolutely no control over their policemen, although they pay every cent for their maintenance. One curious result of this is to fill the force with the friends of the country politicians. Recently one of these new guardians of the law, after arresting a man and taking him to the central station where he was discharged, afterward paid his former prisoner fifty cents to show him the way back to his beat

It is a law of this sort that New York is discussing at present—that is, whether or not Mr. Platt, the Republican boss, shall take away from Mr. Croker, the Democratic boss, the control of the metropolitan force, with its thousands of men, all more or less practiced in the way of politics, who make valuable allies in any campaign.

As municipal government improves, the police systems will undoubtedly be returned to local control, even where in the worst instances they have been taken away

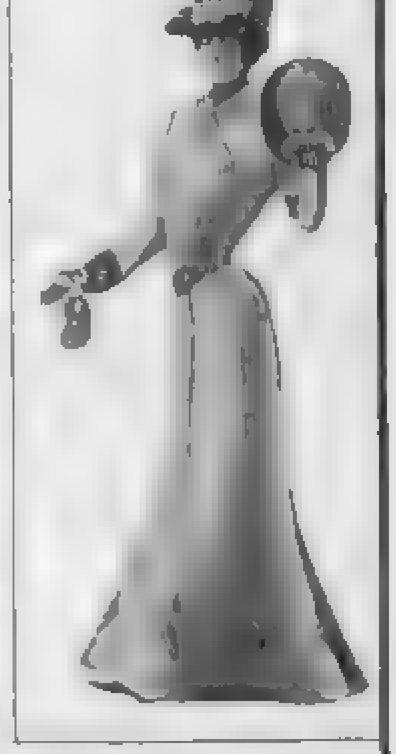
In the past twenty years many of the States have adopted new constitutions. Some of the other States are about to hold Constitutional Conventions. The tendency in most of these is to restrict the powers of the legislature and to increase the powers of the Governor. It is another form of concentration of authority and responsibility which seems to be the dominant note in the modern development of government in this country.

An Improvement in Legislators

It is in the legislature that we find the strenuous politics, especially when there is a contested election of a United States Senator, or a big public improvement involving the expenditure of a great deal of money or the granting of a valuable franchise. It is then that money is used corruptly and the lobbyists ply their trade. Inevitably weak men fall; but it is to the credit of the average legislature that the great majority are not and cannot be bought. In this respect the plain, rugged manhood from the rural districts has often saved the States from great loss and scandal.

There are facts and proceedings in every session which are deplorable; but taking the general average one may repeat the philosophy of the American whom James Bryce met on his visit to the country when he was gathering material for the American Commonwealth. "Some verdicts are found for the plaintiff when they ought to be found for the defendant," said the American, "and some are found for the defendant when they ought to be found for the plaintiff; but on the whole, justice is done."

Reduced Prices
on
Suits and Cloaks



UNLESS you [illegible] our Reduced Price Sale. We wish to make room for new Spring stock, and the twelve hundred [illegible] included when we began this Sale are being sold rapidly. The assortment will hardly last longer than the end of this month.

Suits, Cloaks and Skirts made to order at one-third less than regular prices—perfect in fashion, shape and workmanship. Nearly all of our styles and materials share in the reduction. These offerings and others:

Tailor-Made Suits, lined throughout; former price, $10; reduced to $6.67.

$15 Suits reduced to $10; $20 Suits reduced to $13.34.

Separate All-Wool Skirts; former price, $6.50, reduced to $4.34. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

Winter Jackets, lined throughout; former price, $7, reduced to $4.67. $9 Jackets reduced to $6. $12 Jackets reduced to $8.

Rainy-Day Skirts, former price, $7; reduced to $4.67. $8 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $5.34. $10 Rainy-Day Skirts reduced to $6.67.

Reduced prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Golf Capes, Long Jackets, Etc.

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C

DURING this last week Washington has been a veritable flowery kingdom. It has literally talked in flowers and, like the Eastern countries, has told in garlands its loves and cares. It was almost impossible to get a blossom from any florist, and I was moved to ask if the flowers had all gone into a trust along with the pies and the cabbages and the tin cans, but the florist smilingly shrugged his shoulders and explained that every flower in Washington had gone to the Congressmen and the débutantes, and as soon as I recalled the appearance of the Senate and the House on the opening day I was satisfied with this explanation. It seemed to me, as I remembered the scenes in Congress, that I had never in all my life seen a débutante smile and smirk over her floral offerings as these same self-conscious statesmen of ours did on that day

Henry Ward Beecher always thought it a pity that flowers could not utter a sound. He thought that "a singing rose," "a whispering violet," "a murmuring honeysuckle" would be a vast improvement over the general scheme of Nature, and I could not help wondering what the huge stacks of flowers piled up on certain statesmen's desks would have said to them if "each cup a pulpit were, and each leaf a book." What, for instance, would the brilliant mass of blossoms upon Senator Jones' desk have murmured to him? What message of consolation would they have breathed into the ear of the Chairman of the losing side?

And, pray, was there any word, save one, in all the English language, that could have been uttered by the yellow flowers that lay on Senator Wellington's desk? For some one had placed a bunch upon the shelf, whereon the Senator seems to have laid himself, and these flowers were fatefully yellow What promises of future preferment did the chrysanthemums whisper across the desk to Senator Carter that kept him smiling, though defeated? And what did Senator Wolcott get a hint of from the blossoms in front of him that at all compensated for Colorado's defection?

As for the monstrous bush of American Beauty roses that obscured everything in the region of Senator Hanna save the jocund Senator himself, did they shriek out to him pæans of delight over the slaying of Pettigrew, or were those great nodding roses merely the "smiles of God's goodness" to him? Occasionally, from around this great bush that hid everybody else within ten feet of the desk, the Senator would come forth, his face broad and expansive with smiles that made it look for all the world like the map of Ohio—as it is

However, the flower parade in Congress did not last long, for both branches had to buckle down to hard labor. And they had no sooner done "convening" than they began to "caucus."

So quick was the change from play to earnest in Congress that I had to rub my eyes to be sure that I was not back just where I was last spring. I felt as I used to when a child, when I would wake up from a nap and not be able to tell whether it was yesterday in the afternoon or to-morrow morning. From the way that the same old fighting, wrangling, jangling bills, such as the Subsidy bill, Reorganization bill, Canal bill and Reapportionment bill, were being bandied about from Senator to Senator and member to member, I felt that it must be yesterday in the afternoon, but with the whiff of the flowers still in the air and the jovial swearing-in of several new men in both Houses, I knew that it must be to-morrow morning.

I had determined that during this session of Congress I would not be so much in the dark about the true inwardness of public measures, and I meant, if possible, to know all about these bills which seem likely to rend the committees and both Houses in twain. I knew that to attain this knowledge I must not tackle Robert single-handed, for there is no man living who does not firmly believe that the true and only standard of brains is himself, and that it is sheer waste of breath for him to talk to women upon public matters; and besides, Robert, for some reason unknown to me, seems to be directly under the party whip whenever a party measure is to be pushed. I doubted even if I could get Senator P—— to tell me the unvarnished truth of the "reasons why;" so my plan was to have one of Jules' famous little dinners, to which Robert should invite several able politicians—of course, those only who were of the elect—and I should preside at this dinner, and if Jules could not warm them up and unloose their tongues a bit, why I should have to try some other way of getting to the bottom of things.

Of course this plan of mine might bring forth no fruit, for I have lived long enough in Washington to know that often the politicians themselves don't know what really is going on until the matter has passed beyond the point of being news; that the men who control are few in number: and that the influences they direct and work are never seen upon the surface: but I meant to have one or two of these men who do the controlling at this dinner and at other dinners that should follow, and I hoped some one of them would throw out a spark that would illumine my dark and groping way.

When the night arrived I was terribly afraid that all these men meant to fritter away their time in chit-chat, and that the hour would come when I should have to retire from the table leaving them to dessert and cigars without having heard even the mention of things I wished to solve. They talked and buzzed, very much after the manner of women at an afternoon tea.

They gossiped about everything under the sun. They joked about the chairmanship of the Inaugural Committee and the merry war that was incident to it before the selection of Mr. Edson was made, and they paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Hanna's selection of him as chairman. They touched upon bygone inaugurals and the etiquette that would send the President forth from the White House next Fourth of March to ride alone in solitary grandeur to the Capitol, where he would succeed himself. They spoke of the Cabinet and the changes that would take place in spite of the talk to the contrary. They dwelt upon Mr. Hay's restiveness as Secretary of State and his sensitiveness to the criticism that is being heaped upon him, and they wondered how Roosevelt, with his impetuous make-up, was ever going to endure the boredom of the Vice-Presidency. The Senators present were in hopes that he would prove spicy and that there were "tilts" in prospect Finally, these men got around to the recent visit of ex-President Harrison to Washington.

"General Harrison," said Senator P——, "is one of the strongest, soundest, ablest men we have ever had in public life. He has always been reserved and is rather handicapped by an unresponsive, cold manner. Why, I remember——" and here the Senator began to chuckle to himself, and the whole table leaned forward full of expectation. The Senator went on

"When Harrison was in the Senate he always used to bring his luncheon to the committee-room. He carried it in his coat pocket and would eat it while he went on with his work. One day when he got it out as usual from his pocket we saw him look it all over ruefully, and it did look rather flat and dubious. He finally remarked to us that he guessed he must have sat on it accidentally. One of his colleagues, one who had recently been ignored by Harrison, spoke up impulsively. 'Well, by Jove, Harrison, if you've sat on it I'll bet you a sixpence it is *frozen solid*;' and of course a shout went up from the whole committee."

"How did he take it?" asked I, when the merriment had died away.

"Oh," returned the Senator, "he joined in the laugh. It was too good a one on him and he had to unbend."

Conversation threatened to drift away from legislation, so I managed to make my father understand quietly that I wanted a pencil, and I wrote surreptitiously upon the edge of my dinner card the word "subsidy" and sent it down the table, unseen, to Senator P——. He read it, unseen, and glanced quickly at me for an instant. I raised my eyebrows in inquiry and he nodded with quick comprehension. If I had rashly sent that word "subsidy" to Robert he would have fumbled with the card and finally have held it up to the shaded candles near him in full view of the whole table, and likely as not have asked me what I was driving at. Not so Senator P——. A wink was as good as a nod to him, and before I could draw a long breath that whole table was deep in a discussion of the Ship Subsidy bill. This bill seemed to wake up every man, and each was

---

Editor's Note.—This is the fourth in a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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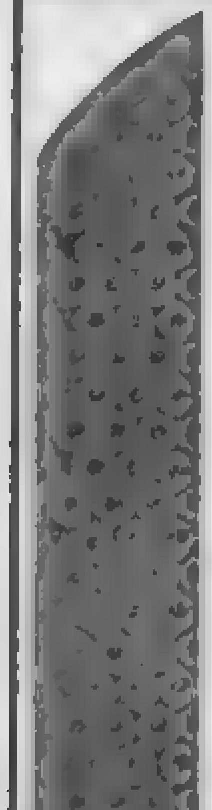

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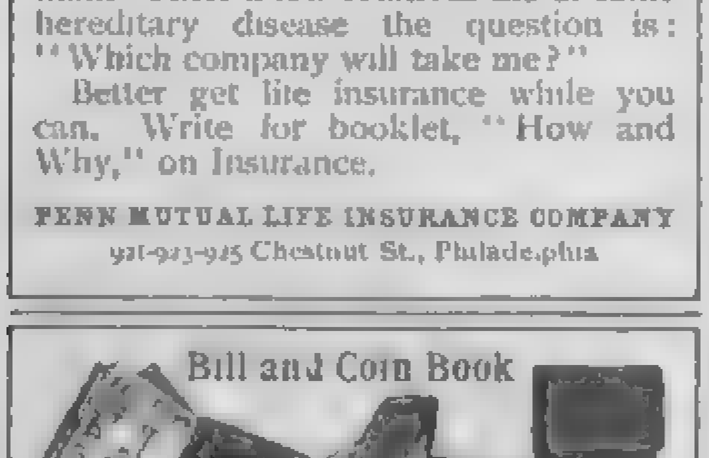

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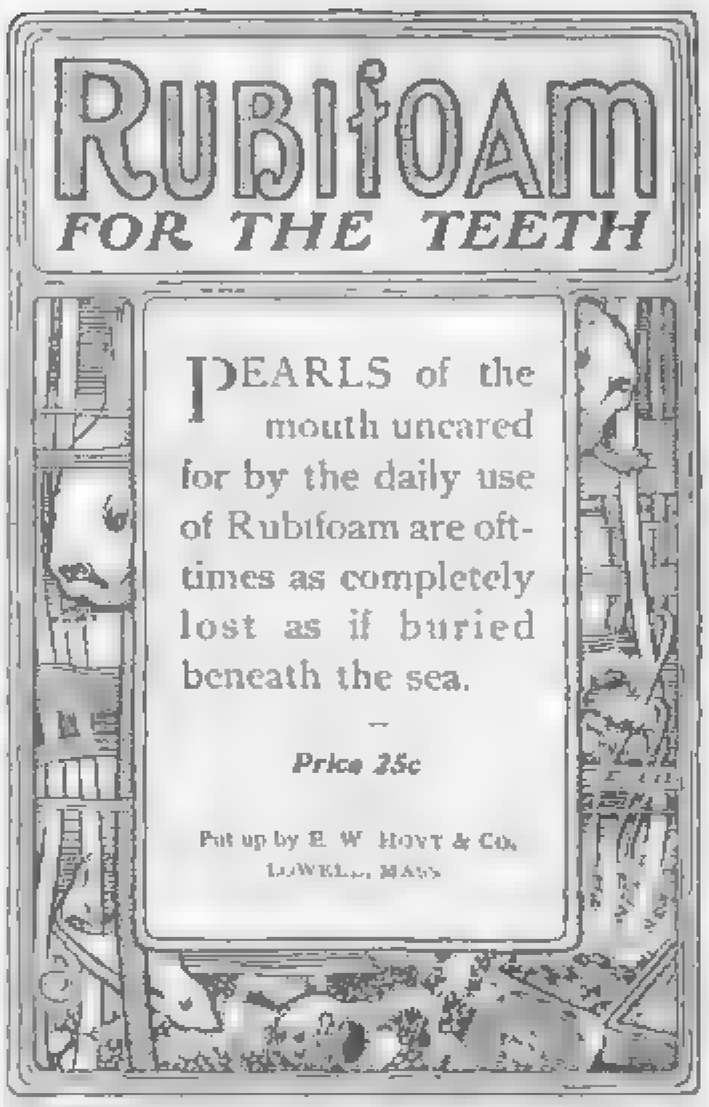

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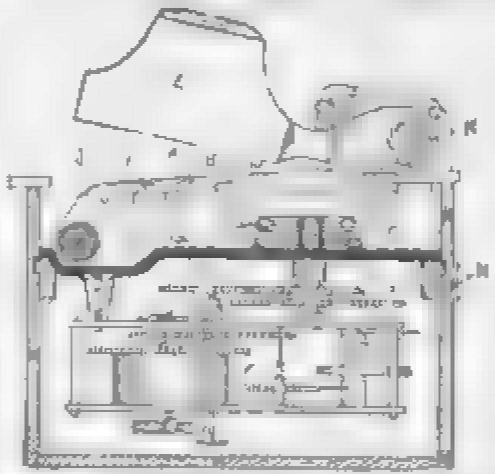

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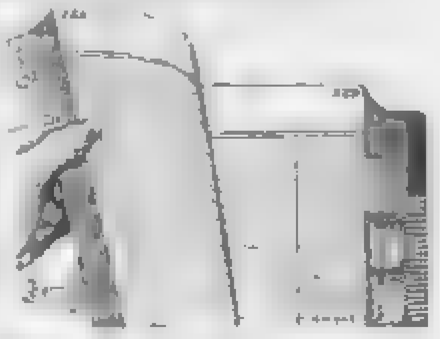

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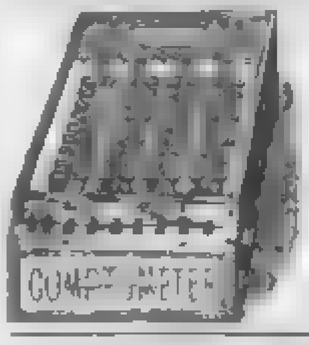

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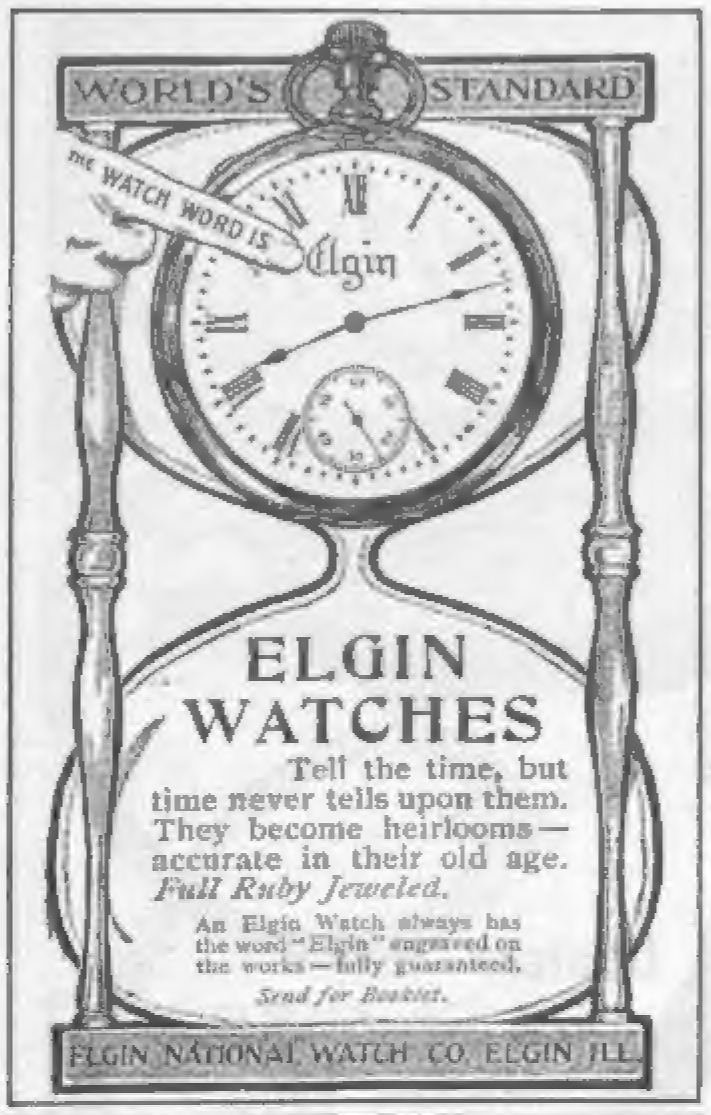

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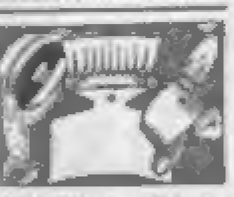
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alert, all save one Senator at the table. He seemed to have no voice in it. He would glance up sharply now and then as he listened keenly, but he never said a word. He smiled at the admissions the others were making that Mr. Frye's speech was a working leaven in the feelings of the Senate toward the bill. It took me just five minutes to be sure that this man and none other at our board was on the inside of that Subsidy bill. I was sure of it. I had never heard his name mentioned as even an advocate of the measure, but I knew with certainty that he was one of the promoters and controllers of it in the Senate. I knew that he was not going to say one word at our table beyond what was needful. The others would do the talking, but I was doing the watching.

The discussion was very earnest and very open. I soon heard enough to make it plain to me that, boiled down, the whole question was in the main the almost threadbare one of protection: protection that meant immediate and perceptible benefit to a few with the more or less plausible contention that what would plainly and directly benefit the few would in the end indirectly benefit the many. I ventured to chip into the discussion and to ask, perhaps more boldly than wisely:

"How can you men vote to spend the public money for the direct fostering of one industry on the pretense of helping others, without going the logical road to fostering all of the industries, and thus making the Government paternal in the fullest sense?"

This provoked a perfect storm about me, each man endeavoring to answer, while Robert fidgeted in his chair and shuffled his feet about. The silent man who had not spoken shot a glance at me from under his brows, and leaning forward upon the table he said, in a pleasant voice:

"Ah, Mrs. Slocum, that is an old question often asked. We will put it aside. The strong argument for this particular bill is that a merchant marine is conceded by all to be an element of national strength; that a merchant marine to be of value must be manned by men of the nationality to which that marine belongs; that there can be no American merchant marine without American sailors; that a merchant marine can live in competition with the merchant marines of other nations only if it can be made to support itself; that this means living wages for the sailor and that the American sailor cannot live upon the wages paid by other nations, and therefore that American sailors' wages cannot be kept up without aid."

"So then," said I, "the whole American people are to be taxed for the sole benefit of a few sailors, that there may accrue to the Government the problematical advantage of having that merchant marine to use in the event of an unlikely war. Ah, Mr. Senator," and I was very much in earnest, even if Robert was making facial contortions at me from the other end of the table, "why not vote that whole total of one hundred and eighty millions to build up an impregnable navy? No taxpayer would miss or mind what went out of his pocket for such a purpose, for it would be taxed from him as the mist and dew of evening and be returned to him, in case of war, in a shower of glory from every quarter of the globe!"

As I spoke I rose from the table, for the time had come for me to retire and leave the men to their cigars, and besides, I could no longer ignore Robert's signals. I paused, however, for the woman's proverbial last word, and while the whole table stood up to wait upon my going, I said:

"I understand, Mr. Senator, that your bill has one element in its favor, even to those of us who are against the measure, which none of you has mentioned, and that is, the determined fight against it by foreign shipping interests. I hear that there is a secret and powerful foreign lobby at work here in Washington that is reaching out in all directions and is using, rather boldly, any and every means to kill your bill, and that it is not confining itself to this bill alone."

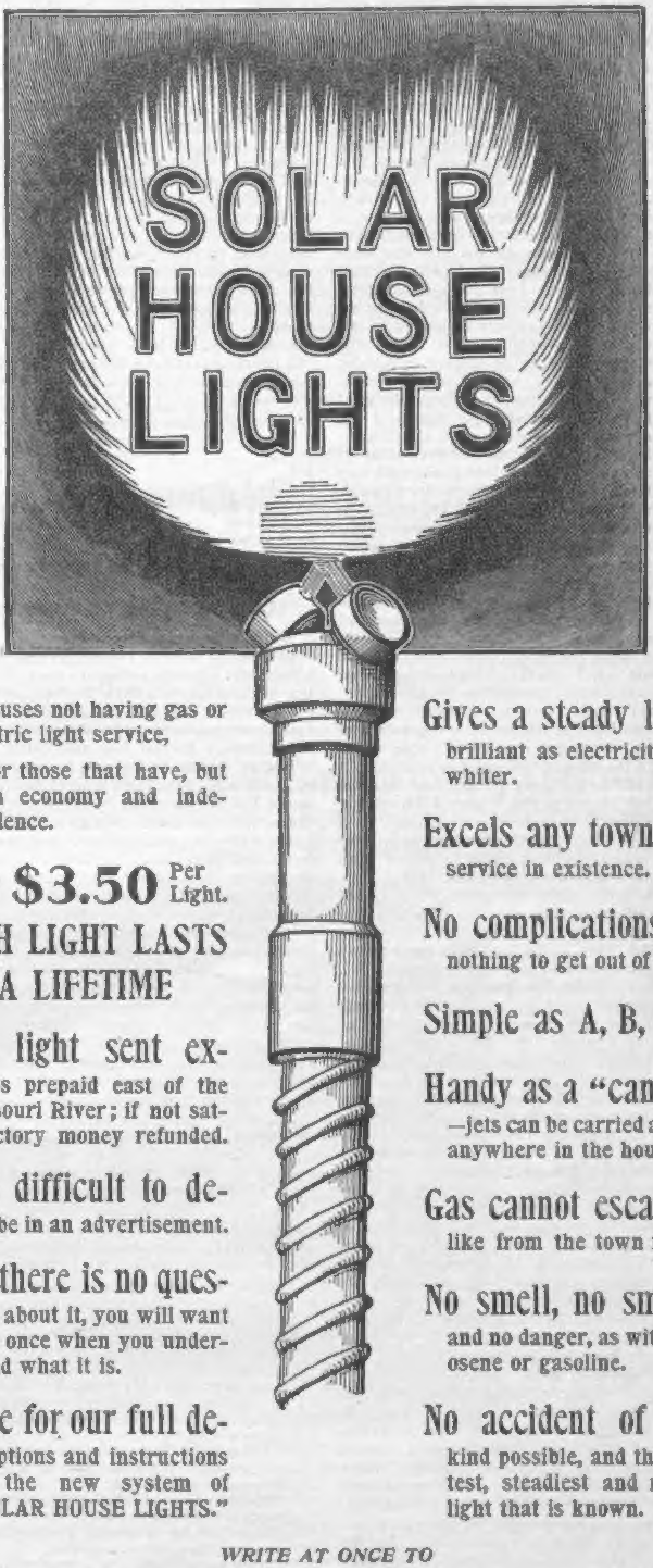
The Senator was holding the door open for me and as I spoke he looked at me keenly. He spoke lightly.

"Ah, Mrs. Slocum, they could not do much that we should not know how to meet, even provided——"

He paused and then, with a half challenge, a half question in his tone, finished his sentence:

"——even provided that there really does exist this foreign lobby you speak of."

I half shrugged my shoulders without replying. I bowed to him and to the others standing about the table; then the door closed behind me.



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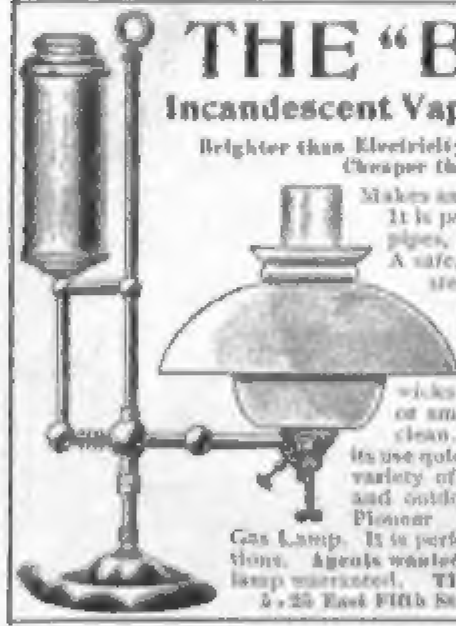

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Men of the Mountains and Plains

(Concluded from Page 6)

objects very close at hand, but that was all. As the sun mounted higher he realized that he was snow-blind and could not see even the head of the horse. His only hope was that his party had started back to find him and would cross his trail in the snow.

Of course the bridle rein hung loose over the horn of his saddle, and he was so busy hating his luck and groaning from the tortures of his burning eyes and his gnawing stomach that White Prince took his own course. Occasionally Ripplinger would rouse up enough to feel sure that the horse was going in the wrong direction; but the impulse to interfere with the animal would pass away before he could put it into action. John's mind had become confused through weakness from lack of food and the great strain and suffering he had undergone.

This, and the fact that he had strength enough to keep his seat in the saddle, proved his deliverance. After a time the White Prince struck into a good swinging pace which he held steadily hour after hour. Well, Ripplinger was on that horse the most of the time for three days and three nights, suffering awful agonies. At last the animal stopped short and gave a whinny that almost roused Ripplinger out of his stupor. But the man was so far gone that he didn't know what was going on until the men in the post came out and carried him in—for the White Prince had taken him right back home. To realize what this means it should be remembered that the party had been a long way out from the post before John became separated from his companions, and that he had then spent two days in going steadily in the wrong direction.

Outfooting a Mounted Band of Pursuers

There was one man among the old mountaineers that had the reputation of being too much for the average Indian pony in a good square race where his own scalp was the stake. This was Louis Bompart. He was one of the runners under Kit Carson, and I believe he was the fastest man on foot that ever struck the plains. It was when he was the hunter for Fort Union, under old man Kipp, that he put one of the best horses at the post to shame. Kipp had brought with him an American horse—that is, an animal bred in civilization from tame stock—and he thought his animal was considerably better than the cayuses which the Indians brought in.

The Blackfeet always held a hard grudge against Fort Union and never let a chance pass to take the scalp of any one they could catch outside the gate. Naturally the hunter for the fort was prowling around in a solitary way more than any one else connected with the post, and stood a greater chance of being picked off by the Blackfeet. But this was one of the considerations for which he drew the salary which made him envied by his companions.

Louis knew his business so well that he dodged the Blackfeet at every turn until he began to think they just couldn't get him. This had a tendency to make him careless, and one day a whole bunch of warriors caught him at close quarters, quite a distance from the fort. They were ambushed in a bunch of cottonwoods and whipped out into the open like a thunder clap out of a clear sky. But Bompart stuck the spurs deep into the flanks of his horse and thought: "It's luck for me that I've got the old man's American instead of a common cayuse."

He hadn't covered half a mile, however, before he realized that there was a mistake in his calculations, somewhere. Either the American horse hadn't the speed with which he was credited or the particular bunch of Blackfeet at his heels were far better mounted than members of this tribe generally were. And it didn't make much difference where the mistake in figuring came in, for the gap between the Blackfeet and himself was closing up in a way that promised something more exciting than just the brisk canter he had counted on when he first heard the war-whoop. Then he got down to business. He worked his spurs, yelled and did everything he could to put a little more "go" into the animal, but to no account.

When the conviction that the horse was actually failing took possession of Bompart he was about four hundred yards from the fort. Instantly he swung himself out of the saddle, landed on his feet, and then went bounding ahead toward the gate, leaping zigzag like a jack-rabbit. It was a daredevil performance, and no man who hadn't the spring of an antelope in his legs could have covered the ground in time to get under cover, for the Blackfeet were in close range when he left the saddle and staked his chances wholly on his legs.

The feat confused the Blackfeet and made them shoot a little more wildly than they otherwise would. Their yells were heard inside the fort, and instantly the gates were thrown open and a force darted out to repel the attack and save Louis. They needn't have worried about him, however. He could have taken care of himself had the distance been still greater. When he came inside and things quieted down a little, old man Kipp fired up and exclaimed:

"What made you leave my horse out there, Louis?"

"I didn't mean to run away from him," apologized Bompart.

Taking a Blacktail by Surprise

A great many stories about Bompart's fleetness of foot were in circulation in the upper Missouri country in those days, for he was regarded as one of the best mountaineers of the region. One of these stories that passed from camp to camp was to the effect that Bompart had once outrun a blacktail deer. One day when he was in good humor I started to draw him out regarding this experience. Bompart, like all the best men of the mountains and plains, was shy, and seldom told of his own adventures. But he laughed at the mention of the blacktail and said:

"No, they're drawing it a little too strong when they say I outran a blacktail, but there's more than a grain of truth in the story. This is the whole thing, just as it happened. It was when we were crossing the mountains with several packs of furs, bound for the rendezvous. Our train was winding out of the cañon, along a broad shelving pass, when a sudden volley came from a lot of Indians in ambush. The quarters were mighty close and so I took it straight down the side of the mountain. Never found faster running in my life. The slant was good and the trail fairly free from stones and undergrowth. Part of the way it seemed a good deal like falling, and then I would strike a stretch a little more on the level.

"Well, I was shooting down one of these terraces when, right in the trail at the bottom of the slant, I saw a big blacktail buck taking a nap. I couldn't stop and so I shot straight ahead. Just the second before I reached him the buck was on his feet. That instant I struck his flank with the flat of my hand and yelled, 'Coosh! Blacktail.' He darted like an arrow along the mountainside while I went on down to the bottom. Which was worse scared I don't know; but I venture to say that he's the only blacktail alive in the mountains that has had the hand of man on his back and escaped with a whole skin."

One story always leads on to another, and so I said:

"There's another circumstance I'd like to have you explain, Louis. How was it you didn't lose your hair that time the Blackfeet got you so hard?" This was the account which he then gave me of the affair:

He and a companion named Alexander were out along the Yellowstone and came across a fine grove of plum trees in full fruit. This just suited their taste and they were as happy as two boys in a melon patch—and as careless—when a little band of Blackfeet, three or four braves, perhaps, sneaked up and fired on them.

Both the plum pickers fell at the report of the guns. Alexander was dead and the ball that struck Louis passed through his lungs. Some little circumstance made the Blackfeet suspect that their victims were playing 'possum and only waiting to return the fire. This suspicion was so strong that the braves sneaked away without attempting to get the scalps. Louis lay there fully twenty-four hours with a hole straight through him.

Meantime some keen-eyed man at the fort had noticed the flight of the crows and ravens. A gathering of these birds was always a sign that a white man, an Indian or a beast had paid the last penalty. A party at once put out and easily located the spot above which the birds were circling. Bompart roused as soon as the men began to turn him over. On a kind of litter they carried him back to the fort and he was soon able to run as fast as ever. Why he had not bled to death no one could explain.

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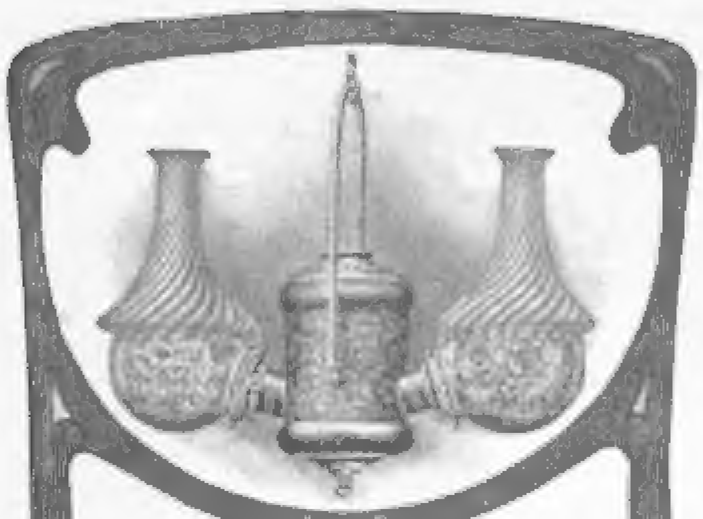

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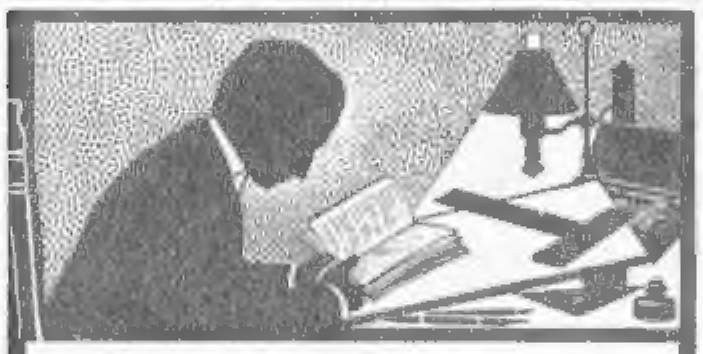

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Literary Folk–Their Ways and Their Work

An Acquaintance of the Furies

A romantic young Englishman, chief mate of a tramp steamer, trusting in his own judgment that a bulging, scaling collision-bulkhead will give way in a few moments, and that eight hundred Mecca-bound pilgrims will drown with the foundering of the ship; his jump to the only boat got afloat; the canceling of his certificate by a court of inquiry; the introspection and self-accusation which drive him from port to port, and finally to the jungle, where he becomes a demigod and Protector of the Poor; his success in redeeming his lost manhood, and his satisfaction with himself until the time comes when he fails again and faces a native court of inquiry whose fiat is death — these are the salient points of one of the most masterful psychologic studies ever written. *(Lord Jim; by Joseph Conrad: Doubleday, Page & Co.)*

To quote one of his own descriptive phrases, Joseph Conrad, the author of this book, must have "known all the furies." He has put his principal character through every human emotion — joy and sorrow, love and hate, exaltation and depression, the fear of a poltroon and the daring of a hero. He has taken time to do this — the book is wearisome to a degree, and long spun out; but the spinning out is necessary to the painting of the picture, and when this is realized there comes the appreciation, not only of the author's power of emotional analysis, but of his wonderful command of words. It is a book of descriptions; and in all the book, in all the panorama of moving pictures, there is not a repetition of phrase or an inharmonious color. In this story there are materials for a strong dramatic plot; but the materials are not so handled as to produce it. Incidents and dialogues are given in a helter-skelter, hind-end-foremost shape which no writer but Mr. Conrad could safely attempt. It is as if, producing the traditional chapter a day, he occasionally remembered something unsaid a few chapters back and, instead of rewriting, gave the subject new mention; and as if, having anticipated his story, he lets the matter stand and leads up to it by introducing a few small surprises to make it readable.

But such mechanical discrepancies are easily forgiven. Perhaps Mr. Conrad himself, fully conversant with the artistic unities, deliberately ignored them in view of the wonderful story he was telling; for it is a story which will live when the artistic unities are dead. Perhaps Conrad himself will kill them. — *Morgan Robertson.*

Mr. Quiller-Couch's Ghosts

Mr. Quiller-Couch says of Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, that "the stories are of *revenants*; persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." The ordinary reader will, however, be more struck by the variety than by the similarity of the tales, and will be glad to have them together in a volume, not because they belong together in any artistic scheme, but because they are Mr. Quiller-Couch's and are for the most part very good stories.

No timorous reader need fear his ghosts. In the better of the two actual "ghost stories" the apparition is a little girl, a friendly kind of household spirit, loving the inhabitants of the rose-covered cottage which she haunts, and doing all the simple homely tasks she can to help them. Yet those who want thrills will find them in the volume. The Seventh Man, a tale of shipwrecked men going half mad through the long Arctic winter night, is the kind of ghostly story which the modern reader can read with a shudder and without a scoff. There is no ghost, yet there is a vague horror in the air; the story itself, rather than the characters in it, is haunted.

One always feels that his stories might be gossip picked up along the quays, or tag ends of old tales gathered from some garrulous old woman, learned in country-side lore.

However Mr. Quiller-Couch gathers his materials, he is not penurious with them. What with smugglers, wrecks, fair women of Norway or of Portugal cast up by the sea, Cornishmen taken prisoners by the French, one gets full worth for one's money in adventure.

Nothing in the present volume is so poignantly human as was Mr. Quiller-Couch's The Ship of Stars. But the stories, at their best, are rousing and lively, full of humor, full of romance, full of sentiment — ghostly at times, and profitable to the reader almost always. — *Harrison Rhodes.*

Outgeneraling Mr. Opie Read

Mr. Opie Read is as intractable under the editorial blue pencil as is the average writer, but he once submitted himself unreservedly to the censorship of a person who made no claims to literary attainment. Mr. Read was then the star, if not the sole, reporter on the Little Rock Gazette. This was in that period of his career which is closely described in his novel, Emmet Bonlore.

A judge in Perry County, Arkansas, became so notoriously unpopular in his district that the sheriff declared his inability to enforce the law, and the magistrate appealed to Governor Thomas J. Churchill to send the militia and restore order. In response to this demand the Quapaw Guards, under the command of General "Bob" Newton, were sent to put down the uprising. This famous old Confederate fighter at once realized the importance of preventing the publication, in the leading papers of the State, of sensational accounts of the affair and its management. All the correspondents except Mr. Read were easily put under censorship, but the General realized that diplomacy must be used in handling his high-spirited young friend, the future novelist.

"How would you like to have a nice snug place in my headquarters?" inquired the wily old General.

"First rate," was the enthusiastic response.

"Well," continued the officer, "I'll just put you on my staff and make you a part of my household." This arrangement was carried out. When the correspondent had finished his "copy" the General remarked:

"Just let me see that a minute, if you don't mind."

"No," was the quick response, "I can't do that, Bob."

"But I demand it," quietly insisted the General.

"I refuse it," hotly retorted young Read. "On what grounds do you make your demand?"

"On the fact," returned General Newton, drawing Mr. Read's commission from his pocket, "that you are an officer on my staff and under my command."

Then after a pause the commander continued: "You are now drawing the full pay of a major of State troops in active service."

Read thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out the small residue of his expense money, scanned it thoughtfully, and exclaimed:

"General, I report for duty! I reckon you wouldn't mind advancing my first week's pay — and, let the war go on!"

The New Books of the Week

The Prodigal: Mary Hallock Foote	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Through Old-Rose Glasses: Mary Tracy Earle	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts: Abbie Farwell Brown	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
True Bear Stories: Joaquin Miller	Rand, McNally & Co.
The Complete Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Coxhoe Edition	Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
A Garden of Simples: Martha Bockée Flint	Charles Scribner's Sons
Crittenden: John Fox, Jr.	Charles Scribner's Sons
A Study of Christian Missions: William Newton Clarke, D. D	Charles Scribner's Sons
Italian Cities: Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield	Charles Scribner's Sons
Atwood's Pictures	The Life Publishing Company
Fore (Life's Book for Golfers)	The Life Publishing Company
Half Portions	The Life Publishing Company
My New Curate: Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P	Marlier & Co., Ltd.
On to Peking: Edward Stratemeyer	Lee & Shepard
For the Honor of the School: Ralph Henry Barbour	D. Appleton & Co.

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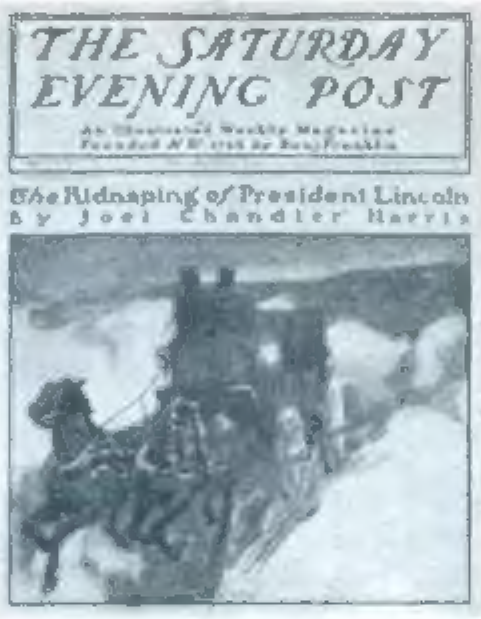
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The Statesmen of the Sixties. Hon. Galusha A. Grow, who has been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who, for more than forty years, has taken an active part in National Politics, has written for the magazine a series of three reminiscent articles:

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET
A GROUP OF SENATORIAL GIANTS
THE BIRTH OF A GREAT PARTY

By HON. GALUSHA A. GROW

Questions Before the Country. Arrangements have been made whereby some of the prominent members of Congress will discuss in the columns of the magazine the important measures that are to come up during the session. These bills will be explained by their framers. The first of these articles, on The Army Reorganization Bill, is

By HON. J. A. T. HULL

GENERAL ARTICLES

The High-Water Mark of the Confederacy. Personal impressions and memories of Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the Confederacy.

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Famous Cartoonists and Their Work. A readable illustrated article by four of the ablest cartoonists in the country, describing their work, their methods and their aims.

By DAVENPORT, OPPER, BUSH, NELAN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
The EAGLE'S HEART
By HAMLIN GARLAND

THREE GREAT SERIALS:

W. A. Fraser. Mr. W. A. Fraser has just returned from a long stay in the Northwest, where he has been gathering material for a powerful three-part story of the last of the buffaloes. Shag, an outcast Buffalo Bull, and Ahtim, the Dog-Wolf, are the central figures in his striking tale.

Gilbert Parker has just written for the magazine six brilliant stories of modern Egyptian life. These will appear in early issues.

Morgan Robertson. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will contain in an early issue the opening chapters of a new serial story by Morgan Robertson. This story is an absorbing romance of our new Navy. Its central figures are two young men, one a friendless naval apprentice, the other a young ensign, whom chance has thrown together on the same ship. The story will begin in an early number. Pictures by George Gibbs.

The Dogs of War

Hamlin Garland. A new serial by Hamlin Garland, a thoroughly American novel of equal power and raciness, will be presented shortly. The time of the story is the reconstruction period which followed the Civil War, and the scenes lie along the course of the Mississippi River and in Iowa.

Joel Chandler Harris. More of Joel Chandler Harris' charming Tales of the Old South will appear in early numbers.

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The Empress of the East

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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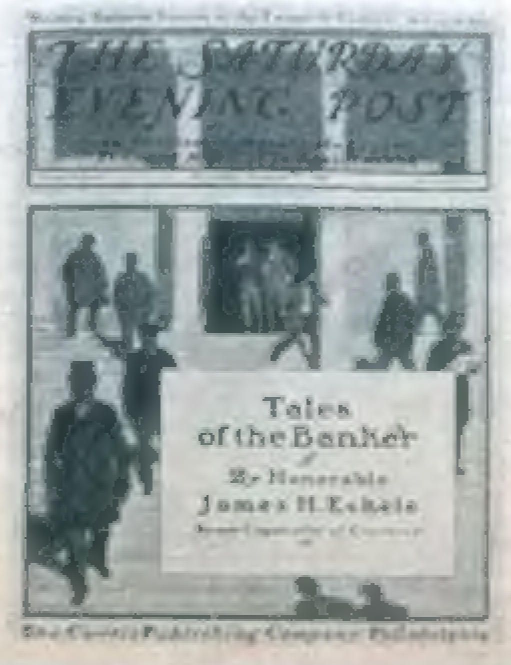
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